

4th Stack

SUMMER Punch

14





Our Man in the Moon?

One of these fine days, the first men will be landing on the Moon and on Mars, Venus, Uranus and the rest. If there's any chance of finding there new ideas for home decoration, you can be sure that Our Man will be hot on their heels. As you see, he is already in training.

But, for the present, Our Man finds this world wide enough. He roams wherever

the four winds blow, tracking down and capturing the best designs for Sanderson wallpapers and fabrics. Original designs, designs with imagination, designs you can live with comfortably, year after year.

Are his journeys really necessary? One look inside any Sanderson showroom or dealer's will convince you that they are.

The choice of fabrics and papers is as wide

as the world itself; and, if you can't find there just what you've always wanted—and at the right price—then it probably doesn't exist!

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AND FABRICS



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HOW THE REMARKABLE POLAROID CAMERA GIVES YOU FINISHED PICTURES IN 10 SECONDS

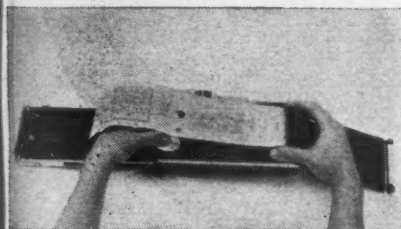
Take a picture.

Count to ten.

Open the back of the camera and remove a dry finished print. A fine print; sharp and clear, rich in contrast, subtle in tonal range.

Until the Polaroid Camera, this was impossible. Now it is simple. You can do it yourself, the first time you try. You need no special knowledge, because the camera does all the work. Automatically.

Here's how it works.



The heart of the system is this Polaroid Film roll. It contains everything necessary to take and make finished pictures. There are no tanks or liquids. There are no solutions to pour or mix. Your finished photos are dry and glossy.

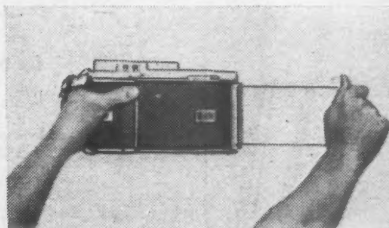
Taking the picture is simple. No other fine camera is as easy to operate. There are no f-stops to think about; no shutter speeds to figure. One dial setting does it all. And the coupled rangefinder and parallax correcting viewfinder assure you of sharp focus and a properly framed picture.

There is only one unusual step before you remove the print: you pull a tab and tear it off.



Pulling the tab starts the printing and developing process. It releases the chemicals and spreads them evenly. It also advances the film, so that you are ready to take the next picture.

That's all there is to it.



Except the most exciting part: removing the finished print.

It's ready, in the back of the camera, behind a door. The first time you open that door, you will feel a new kind of anticipation, a new kind of pleasure. And every time you open it, you will feel it again.

Because part of the magic of this camera is what it does to you.

There's a special kind of excitement in taking a picture when you know you'll have it in your hand ten seconds later. Even posing for the Polaroid Camera is fun. For children, too. And taking more pictures becomes almost irresistible.

What's more, the pictures you get will be as good as any you've ever taken. And copies and enlargements are easily available.



Most photographic dealers have the Polaroid Camera now. They will be pleased to demonstrate it. When you see it deliver a fine, finished print in ten seconds, you will probably want to try it yourself. When you do, you will want to try it again.

With your own Polaroid Camera.

POLAROID CAMERA

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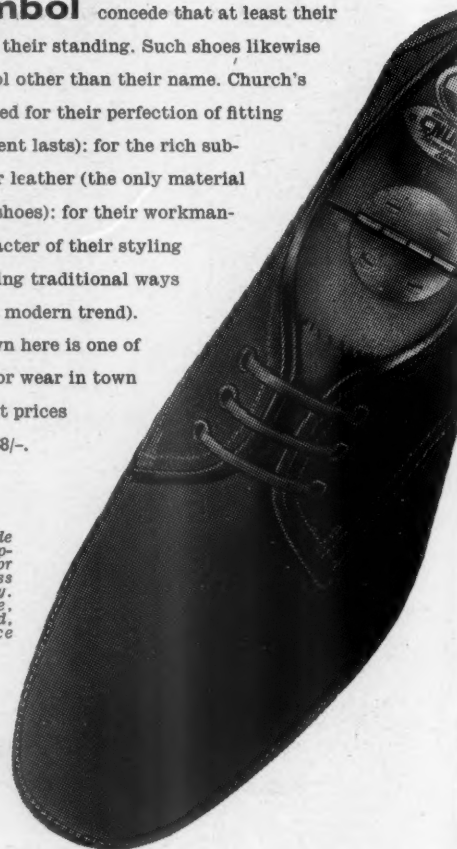


**Men whose status needs
no symbol**

concede that at least their shoes must fit their standing. Such shoes likewise need no symbol other than their name. Church's of course: prized for their perfection of fitting (a dozen different lasts); for the rich substance of their leather (the only material for top grade shoes); for their workmanship and character of their styling (craftsmen using traditional ways to mature the modern trend).

The shoe shown here is one of many styles for wear in town and country at prices from 79/9 to 168/-.

This is Turf: made on Church's Whipflex principle for extra lightness and flexibility. Brown suede, leather bound, unlined. Price 109/9.



Church's
famous English shoes



for comfort, for looks and for wear.

For nearest Agent's address, and copy of illustrated booklet "The Freedom of your Foot" write Church and Co., Ltd., St. James, Northampton

What a car is this Facellia from France! A taut little beauty with typical Gallic verve!

The Facellia will make news wherever it is motored. This car is the latest example of outstanding engineering from Facel Vega, makers of high-precision jet engine components and the fabulous HK500, the world's fastest touring car. For instance, the Facellia has recently taken 1st and 3rd places in its Gran Turismo class in this year's Monte Carlo rally; won outright the R.A.C. Open Challenge Trophy awarded each year for safety and comfort.

This is only the beginning of achievement for a car that is the outcome of intense French study of every major metallurgical

and mechanical development of the past fifteen years.

Consider the specification of Facellia: 4 cylinder twin overhead camshaft unit of 1.6 litres, built strictly to racing practice.

Facel Vega is here...

NOW COMES FACELLIA

new smaller sister to the fabulous HK500

Develops 115 b.h.p. at 6,400 r.p.m. Twin choke carburettor. 5 bearing crankshaft. All synchromesh box. 4 wheel Dunlop servo discs. Classic chassis and suspension, structured to last indefinitely.

Now consider the performance: 115 m.p.h. maximum, 0-60 m.p.h. in 11.4 seconds. 28 m.p.g. driven hard. Fabulous road-holding from ideally balanced suspension. Extraordinary stopping power. *Even the handbrake holds firmly on 1 in 3.*

See the Facellia with droptop or detachable hardtop in the two-plus-one seat, two-plus-two seat, and full four seater versions. Current deliveries are now to British specification for finish and fittings. This makes the Facellia range the most luxurious and most

comprehensively equipped sports cars ever offered in Britain.

The Company that imports the Facellia and the bigger Facel Vega into Britain is InterContinental Cars Limited of Egham, Surrey. Telephone the Managing Director, George Abecassis, at Egham 4181 and talk Facellia. Talk specification... talk performance... he will tell you all you want to know. His demonstration and after-sales service set a standard unique in the business... you will have the personal attention of Abecassis himself or one of his highly trained team of ex-racing men. Abecassis will tell you frankly that pound-for-pound on performance and pleasure the Facellia is modestly priced at £2,508 tax paid.



Regular deliveries of the new Facellia are now arriving from France. They are collected from Lydd Airport by InterContinental Cars Limited, sole concessionaires in Britain for Facel Vega.



Yellowstone, Wyoming, U.S.A.

180 parks were created overnight at Yellowstone, U.S.A.

In 1870, a party of men set out to explore the Yellowstone area of Wyoming in western America. For several weeks, they studied its wonders: a waterfall, which, although narrower than Victoria Falls, is almost as high; geysers that spout jets of steam more than two hundred feet into the air; bubbling pools of sulphurous water; and glassy slabs of obsidian rock.

None of the men was wealthy; and, under the laws of the time, they could have claimed the Yellowstone as their private property. One evening, around their campfire, they discussed this possibility but decided, no, the Yellowstone should belong to all the people. At their urging, the American Congress passed a law two years later that said, this tract "shall be dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

A park in the middle of a wilderness? A pleasuring-ground when the nation desperately needed settlements? Yet the vision of these men gave birth to America's National Park System. Today, it contains 24,000,000 acres, divided into 180 areas. But it is not the size that counts; it is the quality. Each area has particular historic or esthetic interest. Such lands, in America, belong to everyone.

The American spirit finds many means of expression. This is one example, presented for your interest by Bankers Trust Company, a commercial bank which is based in New York, has offices in London, and is represented in Paris and Rome.

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Colorsnap 35 camera. Just dial the weather on this precision 35 mm. camera to get colour pictures full of brilliant detail. Top quality 'Anastom' lens. £10.15.1.
Bantam Colorsnap camera. For fewer exposures at a loading—takes 'Kodachrome' film in 8 or 12-exposure rolls. £9.11.10.



Snap to be proud of. Here is one of a fine set of pictures that Herbert Spencer took in Brittany with his Kodak 'Colorsnap' camera.

Essex innkeeper finds colour so easy with his new Kodak camera

And here he is catching the colour of a Brittany scene with his Kodak 'Colorsnap' camera

The fishing fleet's in—and Herbert Spencer, landlord of the Old Chequers, Barkingside, snaps a Breton quayside scene with his Kodak 'Colorsnap' camera. It's Herbert's first shot at colour but, "it's as easy as drawing a pint", he says. And he certainly got a wonderful crop of colour snaps from his happy French holiday.

You'll find colour easy, too, with the 'Colorsnap' camera and 'Kodak' colour film.

You can take colour slides, colour prints, and, of course, black-and-white pictures. Choose from two models of 'Colorsnap' cameras. See them at your Kodak dealer's today.

Kodak films for the 'Colorsnap' cameras:
 'KODACHROME' film for colour slides
 'KODACOLOR' film for colour prints
 And, of course, the famous 'Kodak' black-and-white films.

Colour comes out best on

Kodak FILM

'Kodak' is a Registered Trade Mark



Spartan Soldier, circa 490 B.C.

"SOME people find it difficult" said Mr. Lemon Hart "to choose between ancient and contemporary sculpture. It is a matter of taste, I suppose" he added. "As with Lemon Hart Golden Jamaica and Lemon Hart Dark De Luxe. Each is supreme in its own class: it depends whether you prefer light or dark Jamaica Rum."

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HART**

Have a Good RUM for your money



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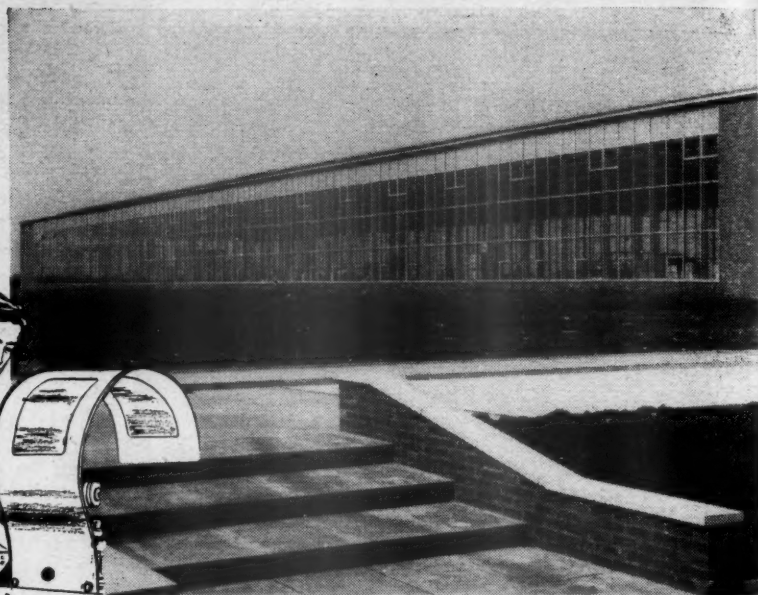
To smoke Sobranie is to belong to that exacting circle of smokers who delight in the rich satisfaction that only the most excellent of Virginia cigarettes can give. Made from tobacco matured in casks for three full years—smooth, mild, satisfying—Sobranie.

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Architect, C. R. Kirby, Esq., A.R.I.B.A., Dowty Group Ltd. of Cheltenham

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P.4



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Reduced rates from February to June

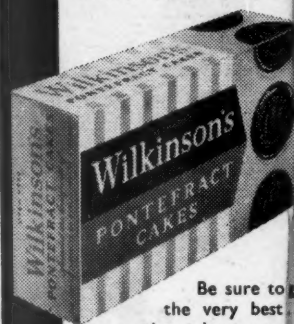
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delicious too!



Be sure to get
the very best...
always have a carton
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Very acceptable to smokers
— good for children too!

Men also need a DEODORANT



Well-groomed men use Old Spice Stick Deodorant, no matter how often they bath. They use this neat, clean bodyguard for all-day freshness, as part of their regular morning routine.

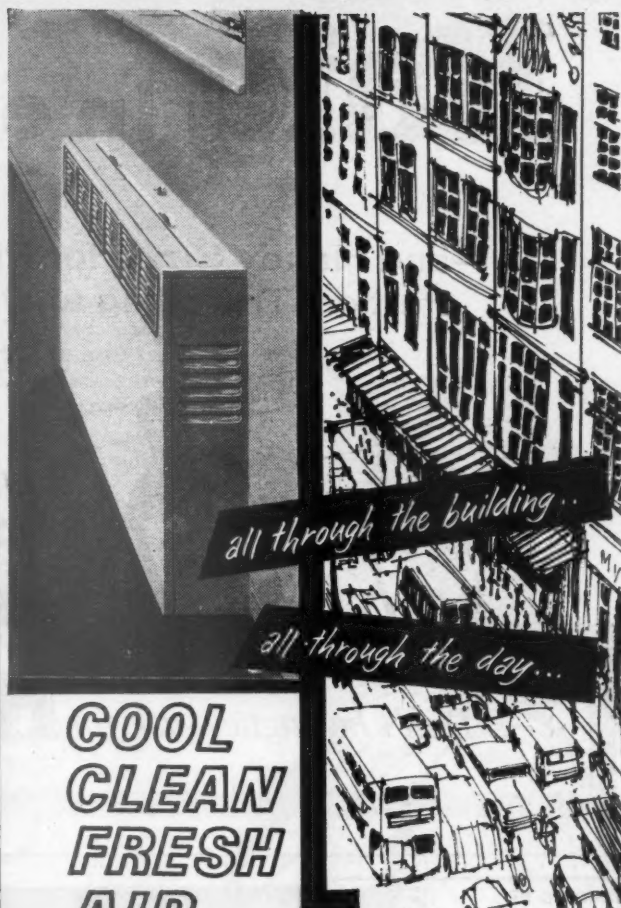
Old Spice Stick Deodorant cools and dries instantly with no trace of stickiness. 9 6d.

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masculine
freshness
in



Old Spice
STICK DEODORANT

NEW YORK - SHULTON - LONDON



**COOL
CLEAN
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AIR**

-SILENTLY
at less cost than ever before.

In one room, or every room, the new TEMKON, floor-mounted, room air conditioner, silently, unobtrusively, keeps air cool and fresh, maintains the staff at peak efficiency all day.

With a Temkon air conditioner in every room the cost is still 30% to 50% less than that of a central installation.

- It's the World's quietest room air conditioner
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- -And this unit heats as well

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ROOM AIR CONDITIONER**

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Indoors or Out-of-doors

Planned to provide a really comfortable sitting position from which the control of movement is easily exercised Carters' Self-propelling chairs are equally suitable for hospital or home.



Self-propelling Chair
Ask for Cat. 4U.

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direct from
the native makers

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a pleasure which—
can't be shared...



If you are not already the proud possessor of a pair of Ross binoculars and would like guidance on a suitable choice write for a copy of "How to Choose and Use Binoculars". Better still visit your dealer, he'll be able to show you more than a dozen different models including one at just the price you want to pay. There are even special Ross binoculars for spectacle wearers.



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Now available (in restricted supply) at
48s. per bottle or £24 per case, carriage
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COCKBURN & MURRAY (estd. 1863)
21 CASTLE ST., EDINBURGH
Cash with Order Please

This fine British Cigar, introduced
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popular than ever today.

CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape
5 1/2" long,
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Delicate aroma and
charming flavour.

50/- per box of
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Man who flies through space...

must still come down to earth

Not difficult when only one aircraft is involved, perhaps—but put a hundred on the same route at the same time, in bad weather, at varying speeds, and the problem of control is staggering. . .

Now, however, a specially developed Ferranti computer has the answer. The new 'Apollo' computer at Prestwick Airport can absorb the positions, speeds and courses of a hundred aircraft in a split second, remember them, and present a clear picture to the controller. It can calculate flight paths and tell him when safety separation standards are likely to be infringed. Developed at the request of the Ministry of Aviation, the 'Apollo' represents a significant contribution to safety in the crowded air of today.

This is only one sphere in which Ferranti have made remarkable advances. Electrical engineering, radar systems, process control, agricultural research—in these and many other fields Ferranti are still pioneers.



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In

WITH

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Out

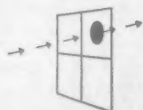
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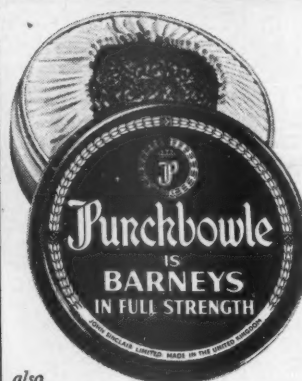
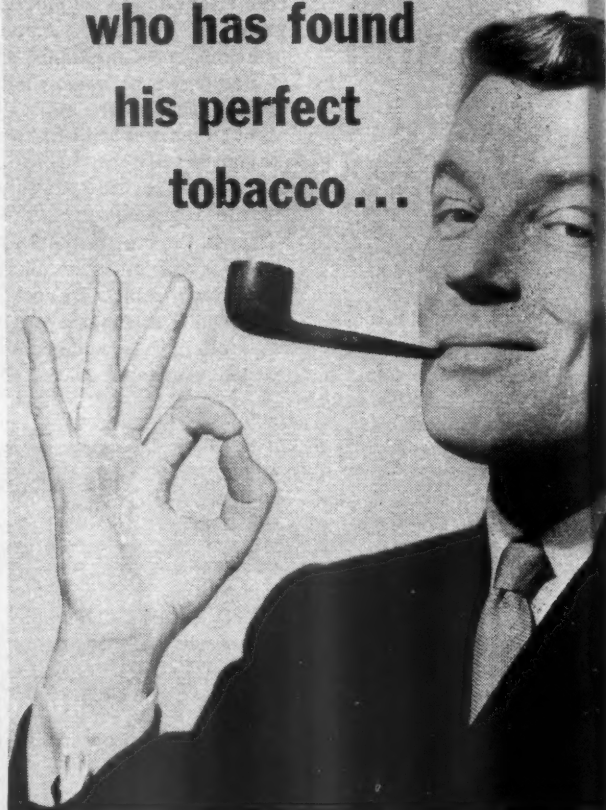
Fit Vent-Axia and your ventilation problems are solved—simply—once and for all! Cooking smells, steam and damaging condensation are removed at the touch of a switch. Thus, the atmosphere in your home becomes fresh and wholesome and your own personal comfort is increased enormously.

You can see larger Vent-Axia units at work in all sorts of public and private buildings. However, there is a size just right for your kitchen—where ventilation is most important of all.

Extract, Intake and Reversible models with draught-proof shutters where required. Easy to install. Quiet and efficient. Uses no more electricity than a small reading lamp.



Look
of a man
who has found
his perfect
tobacco...



also

BARNEY'S IDEAL—medium strong;

PARSON'S PLEASURE—mild.

You know when a man is smoking Barney's Punchbowl. That 'at peace with the world' look gives him away!

Punchbowl is a masterly blend of the finest tobaccos. And it's laced with Latakia—a luxurious oriental leaf. No wonder smokers find such deep enjoyment in Punchbowl—a mixture no man can resist. Taste for yourself!

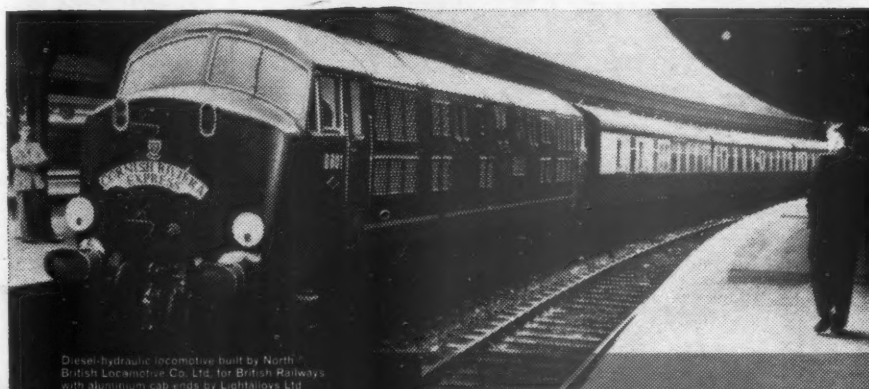
In snap-lid vacuum sealed tins:
1 oz 5/4½; 2 oz 10/8.

PUNCHBOWLE

MIXTURE

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THIS IS ALUMINIUM!



Diesel-hydraulic locomotive built by North British Locomotive Co. Ltd. for British Railways with aluminium cab ends by Light alloys Ltd



An aluminium Aerolite chair by The Fleetway Manufacturing Co. Ltd



An aluminium litter bin by Grundy (Teddington) Ltd

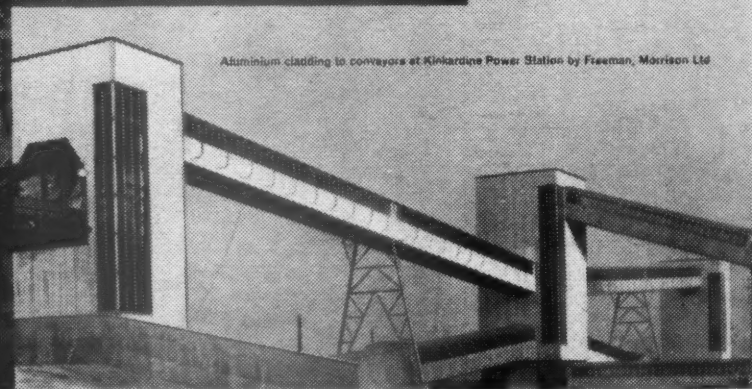


An aluminium motor cruiser built by Albatross Marine Ltd

**Strong
Light
Rustfree**



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How much
rosier 
everything
 is with
a pink Gin!



Just gin and Angostura—
and the world
takes on a different tinge.



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It's the pink that makes the drink

by
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the cake in a full cream
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*Cause . . .
and Effect*

Tipping goes by favour, or as Jules the headwaiter likes to say—by flavour. He likes to serve the very best which means among other good things 'Blue Danube' Coffee.

Can it be that the delicious secret of blending learned by the Viennese over 300 years ago from the invading Turks can influence good tips to-day? Undoubtedly. Take the connoisseur's tip and try 'Blue Danube' in your own home.

Vacuum sealed in a light Breakfast Roast and a rich After-Dinner Roast, each in a medium grind. There is also an "Espresso Grind" in the After-Dinner Roast.

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Viennese Coffee

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Harry Dimmock buys a Queen

(Dimmock & Seal, Hauliers)



Cheviot Queen is climbing Shap on the A6 to Carlisle: *Lakeland Queen* is pounding up the motorway with a load of machine tools: and now *Border Queen*—youngest of the fleet—is off to Warrington with 183 miles to do and a shocking wet night to do them in.

Like her sisters (54 of them now) *Border Queen* was bought with UDT's help. Perhaps that surprises you? HP's fine for penniless newly-weds, you might think, but surely a prosperous firm like D. & S. could afford to pay cash?

Of course they could—but they prefer not to. *Border Queen* thundering up the Great North to Gateshead, down A30 to Exeter, along M1 to Coventry, earns her keep and more. So her purchase becomes a simple entry in the company accounts, tidily arranged with no cutting into capital.

UDT helps people to help themselves



and I thought

**"What if it were
my business on fire?..."**

"The whole place a shambles," I thought, "buildings burnt out, stock gone up in smoke. Have I got enough cover? When did I last look at the insurance?"

So I did the sensible thing...

I discussed my problems with THE LONDON ASSURANCE. Most helpful they were. We went through the Fire Schedule together, making sure that the cover for every item was in line with today's values. Then they said, "What about loss

of profits?" And I said, "Yes, certainly I need cover for that too." Result was, I ended up with one of their Traders Collective policies which covers me for fire, loss of profits and many other business risks as well.

I sleep a lot sounder at nights since...

I wrote to

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Very good people to deal with

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To get fuller information about our FIRE and PROFITS POLICIES for business (and office) premises, simply write and ask for it. If you would also like information about Life or Accident Policies, just say so.

Address your letter to:

PERSONAL ADVICE BUREAU (Room 83)



THE LONDON CHARIVARI



THEATRE



Altona (Royal Court)—heavy emotional melo-drama by Sartre about neurotic Germans.

The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places.

The Bargain (St. Martin's)—Alistair Sim in form in comedy-thriller.

Belle, or The Ballad of Dr. Crippen (Strand)—engaging satire on the famous murder, in which George Benson shines.

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—new four-man revue.

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—Albert Finney triumphs in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty.

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy.

The Caretaker (Duchess)—Harold Pinter follows brilliantly in footsteps of Samuel Beckett.

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna.

The Gazebo (Savoy)—gruesome comedy that doesn't quite come off.

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production.

Henry IV, Pt. I (Old Vic)—disappointing Falstaff. **Irma la Douce** (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated.

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams.

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa.

Let Yourself Go (Palladium, May 19)—new revue.

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story.

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years wonder.

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production.

The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical.

My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical.

Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*.

Ondine (Aldwych)—fairly tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry.

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue.

On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter.

Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool.

The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted.

Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production.

Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence.

Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.

The Sound of Music (Palace, May 18)—new American musical.

The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue.

Time and Yellow Roses (St. Martin's)—new play by Lesley Storm.

Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production.

The Wakefield Mystery Plays (Mermaid)—good production of fifteenth-century Bible documentary.

Watch it Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted.

West Side Story (Her Majesty's)—exciting dancing in American musical about juvenile gangs.

The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in.

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable.

REP SELECTION

Derby Playhouse, **It's Different in Town**, until May 27.

Library, Manchester, **The Same Sky**, until May 27.

Little, Bristol, **The Bride and the Bachelor**, until May 27.

Guildford Rep, **Love From A Stranger**, until May 20.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

All Hands on Deck (Odeon, Marble Arch—ends May 17)—US peace-time Navy farce-comedy punctuated with songs by Pat Boone. In colour and CinemaScope: loud, simple, obvious.

All in a Night's Work (Plaza)—Review next week.

Il Bell' Antonio (Paris-Pullman—ends May 17)—Half-comic, half-serious Italian story with sexually impotent hero.

Ben-Hur (Empire)—the old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

The Big Gamble (Carlton)—Reviewed this week.

Cry for Happy (released)—US sailors in a geisha house in Kyoto; school of *Teahouse of the August Moon*. (10/5/61)

Death of a Friend (Jacey in the Strand)—Much like other Italian young-crime pictures but with good points.

Exodus (Astoria)—Reviewed this week.

Girls for the Summer (Cameo-Royal)—Multi-star, multi-plot Italian comedy in colour.

The Greengage Summer (Columbia)—Sad first love of young English girl in France; visual beauty, loads of charm. (19/4/61)

The Guns of Navarone (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Mein Kampf (Continental)—Nazism from rise to fall. Uses film from many countries, including hitherto unpublished concentration-camp horrors. (19/4/61)

Night Out (Jacey in the Strand)—French teenagers on the town; some good detail, too much violence.

One Hundred and One Dalmatians (Studio



SECRET FORMULA

When you feel the credit squeeze—
keep it dark.

Keep it dark!

Have a lunch of bread and cheese—
keep it dark.

Keep it dark!

With a Mackeson to aid it

Or a Guinness to persuade it:

Man is nourished and contented

When plain fare is implemented

By the smoothest drinks invented.

Keep it dark!

Keep it Dark



TAYLOR WOODROW LIMITED



The Twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting of Taylor Woodrow Limited will be held in London on 6th June. The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. Frank Taylor, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1960:

The trading results for the year ended 31st December, 1960, are lower than those for the previous year and this position is in the main attributable to the unfavourable weather conditions experienced on building and civil engineering sites in the United Kingdom during the year, coupled with continuing intensive competition which adversely affected profit margins.

Overseas, too, international competition for suitable contracts is particularly intense.

In previous Statements I have frequently stressed the necessity for judging the results of a Building and Civil Engineering business such as ours over a number of years rather than a single year and I wish to emphasise this point once again when you are considering the results for the year.

ACCOUNTS

The accounts show the profits for 1960 after taxation at £446,003 compared with £702,812 for 1959. The turnover of the Group for 1960 (not including associated companies) was £33½ million compared with £29½ million in 1959.

The Directors recommend a final dividend be paid for the year of 7½d. per share on the Ordinary issued capital which is the same as the previous year.

AT HOME BUILDING AND CIVIL ENGINEERING

Taylor Woodrow Construction Limited: The year under review has not been an easy one for building and civil engineering work at home. A reduction in profits despite increased turnover reflects the unfavourable weather conditions which persisted throughout the year.

A highlight of the year was the success of the tender which, in association with English Electric and Babcock and Wilcox, we submitted for the 580,000 kW Atomic Power Station at Sizewell in Suffolk. The Station is planned to be in operation in 1966. In conjunction with our Partners, designs and tenders are being prepared for further atomic power stations for both home and overseas customers.

Our hydro-electric project at Cwm Rheido! has been dogged by extremely adverse physical conditions, but the fact that the whole of the works will nevertheless be completed on schedule reflects great credit on all concerned. Our roadworks on the A1 at Wentbridge are making good progress, and the striking new viaduct which dominates the scheme will be opened to public traffic before the winter.

The volume of our opencast coal production during the 12 months of 1960 was reduced owing to the National Coal Board's general restriction on output, but I am glad to report that this restriction has been lifted in 1961 so that we are now producing the quantities envisaged by our contracts.

MYTON LIMITED

During the year a number of important contracts were completed including two multi-storey office blocks in the City of London, Austral House and Kempson House, and progress was made on other substantial office developments under construction in the City. Good progress was also made with our Zidpark Automatic Multi-Storey Garage adjoining Southwark Bridge and this has attracted great interest. A number of multi-storey Corporation Flats were completed in North-East England and we continue the successful development of private housing estates.

HOUSE BUILDING

As a result of the shortage and consequent high cost of building land, the inflationary trend in house purchase prices has continued over the past year.

PLANT COMPANIES

The policy of keeping our plant fleet up to date continues and careful investigation is made of all new equipment, so that our people continue to be supplied with the best tools for the job.

ARCON EXPORT AND HOME

1960 brought the anticipated improvement in business forecast twelve months ago. Export orders obtained from Overseas customers during 1960 showed a 50 per cent increase over 1959 in terms of superficial area of structures to be shipped, but continuing competition restricted Profit margins.

We entered 1961 with a substantial volume of Export business in hand and further orders of significant value have since been obtained with more in prospect.

OVERSEAS

Australia: Trading conditions during the past year in Australia have proved difficult and the introduction of new credit restrictions has intensified the competition for suitable contracts.

Canada: Our contracting company has obtained further contracts during the year and these are progressing favourably.

The property investment and development Company—Monarch Investments Limited—made a profit for the year ending 31st December, 1960, after taxation, of \$109,453.

West Africa: Our associated companies jointly owned by The United Africa Company Limited and your Company in Nigeria, Ghana and Sierra Leone, made profits despite increasing international competition in all these territories.

THE MIDLAND EMPLOYERS' MUTUAL ASSURANCE LIMITED

Statement by the Chairman, Mr. Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E.

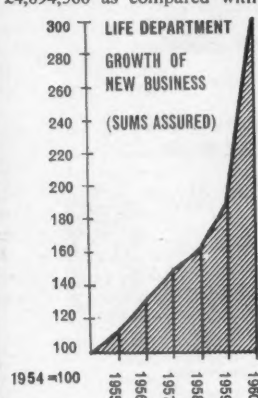
The 62nd annual general meeting of the Midland Employers' Mutual Assurance Limited was held on 16th May, 1961 at Birmingham.

The Chairman, Mr. Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E. presided and referred to the fact that 1960 was the first full year of their association with the Eagle Star group. Whilst maintaining their independent approach to all underwriting matters, which had been so successful for over sixty years, the association had proved of great mutual advantage.

The year again produced a record premium income with only a reduced, but not unexpected, decline in the underwriting profit.

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Net new sums assured written in 1960 were again a record, totalling £4,894,566 as compared with the previous record of £2,839,903. The



Life and Annuity Fund increased during the year from £6,092,366 to £7,127,038. He was confident that new business in 1961 would substantially surpass the 1960 record.

The gross rate of interest earned on the Fund during 1960 was £6 1s. 0d. per cent, as compared with £5 10s. 0d. per cent in 1959. This highly satisfactory increase reflected in part the increased yields obtainable on new investments and in part the increased dividends payable on the substantial holdings in good class equities.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

The premium income in this department showed a further substantial increase. Despite the particularly heavy Fire Losses in the United Kingdom during the year, together with the Abnormal number of claims resulting from storms and floods at the close of

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

The Employers' Liability Department still represented the largest proportion of this Account. Once again over 3,000 new Policies were issued during the year, many to large employers whose names are household words.

There had been further expansion in the Miscellaneous Accident Department, particularly in the most recent development—the Engineering Department—where ever-increasing numbers of the Assured took advantage of the competitive rates available.

Once more there was a substantial increase in income in the Personal Accident Department as a result of the popularity of the numerous new and attractive schemes available. The results of the Department were regarded as satisfactory.

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Whilst the year 1960 produced a surplus it was very considerably less than in the previous two years. This result was not altogether unexpected, bearing in mind the increase in the number of road accidents with the consequent heavy damages awarded in the cases of Personal Injury claims, and the increased costs of Accidental Damage claims. The rates for Commercial Vehicles were increased as from 1st January last, but he felt that a substantial increase in premiums for Private Vehicles was now overdue.

EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT

These amounted to 15.5 per cent of the premium income. The slight increase in the expense ratio was almost entirely due to the move to the new Head Office Building and is non-recurring.

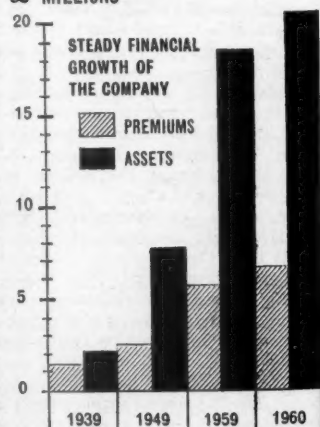
£ MILLIONS

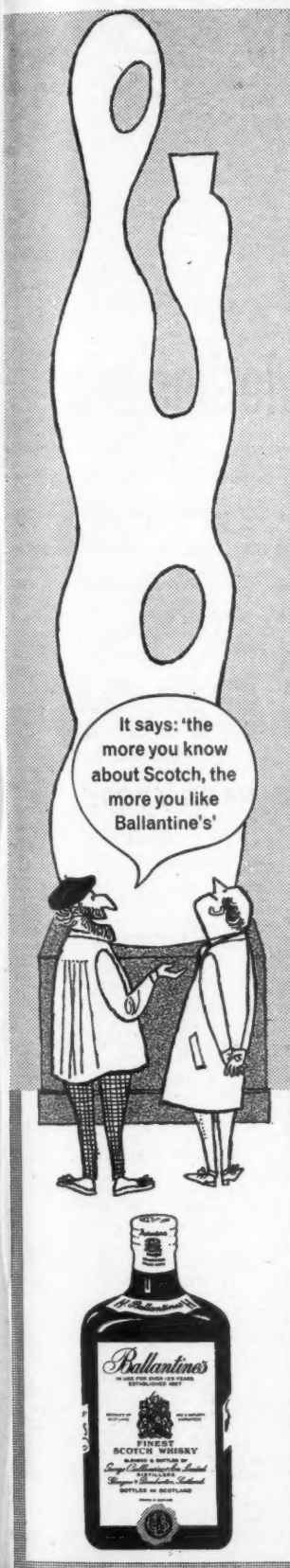
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

After taxation the Profit and Loss Account showed a surplus of £463,342 and the Directors recommend a dividend of 12s. per share, less tax, absorbing £94,650.

INVESTMENTS

Share prices remained remarkably firm in a year that progressively developed into one of restraint and economic uncertainty and at the year end were generally somewhat lower than at the beginning of the year. In accordance with long term policy, however, opportunities were taken to invest a proportion of new funds available in carefully selected ordinary shares. In addition a substantial property purchase was completed on behalf of the Life Fund and further sums were invested in mortgages and in the many new industrial debenture issues that became available during the year. The report and accounts were adopted.





CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

One—Full-length cartoon, Disney's best for years, from Dodie Smith's book. (5/4/61)
Pepe (released)—Three hours of Hollywood and Las Vegas in Technicolor, with Cantinflas laughably failing to recognize 35 guest stars. (15/3/61)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (International Film Theatre)—A young Northerner (Albert Finney) at home and in and out of one or two other beds. Admirably done, very enjoyable. (9/11/60)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: U.S. soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator: blood, violence and colour in the arena.

Taste of Fear (Berkeley)—Very artificial surprising suspense story, poor man's Hitchcock. Helped by unusual speed of narration.

Where the Boys Are (Ritz)—U.S. college students holidaying in Florida: four girls have varying luck with men. Funny moments.

World by Night (Warner—ends May 17)—Technicolor-Technirama string of cabaret acts from everywhere; some good clowns and acrobats, several strippers not allowed to go far.

The World of Apu (Academy)—Last of Satyajit Ray's Indian trilogy (1, *Pather Panchali*; 2, *The Unvanquished*): Apu married, bereaved, consoled. (12/4/61)

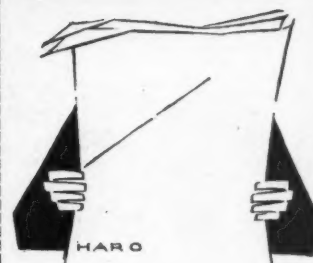
GALLERIES

Arts Council. Sculpture and drawings by Ernst Barlach. **Beaux Arts.** Frank Auerbach paintings and drawings. **Bethnal Green Museum.** British journalism, 1622-1960. **Crane Kalman.** Paintings by Michel Kikoine (until Sat.). **Federation of British Artists.** Annigoni. **Gimpel Fils.** Recent paintings by Matta. **Arthur Jeffress.** Pen and water-colour drawings by Villiers David. **Leonard Koetser.** Dutch, Flemish and Italian old masters. **Lefevre.** Paintings by Ghika. **Leicester.** Paintings by John Craxton and Eric Rutherford; modern etchings and lithographs. **Marlborough.** Kandinsky—the Road to Abstraction (till Sat.). **Piccadilly.** Sakti Barman. **Redfern.** Rodrigo Moynihan and Anne Norwich. **Reid.** Paintings and drawings by Albert Houthuesen. **Rowland Browne and Delbanco.** French and English flower-paintings of the 19th and 20th century (until Sat.). **RWS.** Woodcuts by Shiko Munakata. **Tate.** Contemporary Yugoslav paintings and sculpture. **Tryon.** Bird paintings by Fenwick Lansdowne. **V. & A.** Centenary exhibition of Kuniyoshi prints and drawings. **Waddington.** Denis Mitchell sculpture. **Whitechapel.** Paintings and drawings by Edmond Kapp.

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. MAY 17, 8 pm, Hallé Orch. (Barbirolli), Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick (two pianos), Haydn-Berkeley-Nielsen; 7.45 pm (Recital Room), John Ireland Society—chamber music. MAY 18, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Colin Davies), Jorge Bolet (violin), Beethoven-Wagner-Mendelssohn. MAY 19, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Monteux), Beethoven-Scriabin-Debussy-Elgar. MAY 20, 8 pm,

CONTINUED ON PAGE XXII



Did you expect war in Cuba?

"IT IS NOW officially and widely believed by the Cubans that the United States intends to destroy their revolution. They believe that the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington is financing a counter-revolution based on Miami to repeat their Guatemalan success of 1954".

This was Patrick O'Donovan writing in *The Observer* last February, over two months before the invasion of Cuba. He went there at the beginning of this year and wrote three articles about the island's mood that even today give a deeply revealing insight into the character and ideas of the men in power.

If you saw O'Donovan's articles, neither the fact of invasion nor its failure came as a surprise to you. And such ahead-of-the-news reporting is very characteristic of the paper.

Khrushchev and Mao

Sometimes this can have spectacular results. As for instance when Edward Crankshaw, for many years *The Observer* correspondent on Soviet affairs, gave the full facts about Russo-Chinese discord, and the bitter exchanges between the two leaders.

Crankshaw's report was recognised as being of diplomatic importance. It was taken up and broadcast right across the Western world.

Recently, *The Observer* published exclusively in Britain the tremendous exchanges between Khrushchev and Walter Lippmann, America's leading diplomatic reporter. This was a fascinating document, and an important revelation of Khrushchev's aims, intentions and beliefs.

So much for the recent past. What and where next? I don't know; but I am sure that these journalistic feats are not isolated flashes. They are the result of a great deal of thought and care.

All over the world there are men from *The Observer* placed strategically to see what is going to happen, as well as what is happening. Often they arrive at political nerve centres well before others have realised that those nerves are jangled. You can read the results of their probings in *The Observer* this and every Sunday.

J.B.L.



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PUNCH

Vol. CCXL No. 6296
May 17 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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Subscriptions

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*For overseas rates see page 773.

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Charivaria

DURING a bell-ringing contest at Bridesstowe, Devon, a member of the winning team kept going even when his braces broke and his trousers fell to his ankles; a scene clearly designed to appear some day in a film called *Carry On, Bellringer*. The incident fulfils the darkest apprehensions of those who, twenty-odd years ago, campaigned against allowing women to take part in "the Exercise." Their arguments were that, once you allowed women into belfries, a man had "to be very polite, to make pretty speeches and to keep a perpetual smile going," and also to pretend not to notice bad striking by women. Well, it seems there are things a woman bell-ringer must pretend not to notice too. Perhaps the anti-women brigade were right. A man needs a hobby in which he can feel free to burst his braces in the cause.

The Slip's Showing

TIDINGS from the University of Rochester's School of Medicine, that they had just come up with a new method of determining, by measuring potassium radioactivity, how much of



a person's body was fatty tissue, was of only academic interest as far as I was concerned, having just suffered a

convincing demonstration of the old method—reaching for a fast, low, late cut in the first match of the season.

Best of Both Worlds

MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY has shown characteristic canniness in its selection of the new candidates for

"...and, on my left, Mammon".



honorary degrees: Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, and the Archbishop of York.

Seasonal Affair

AT Sunnirgdale golf course the other day a fly won a match at the nineteenth green by alighting on the ball and rolling it over the lip of the hole. Afterwards it told a reporter: "A fly that's really interested in sport has a lot of things working in his favour. For one thing he's mobile, he can get around and it costs him nothing, and for another he can get in anywhere he likes. A fly don't have to worry about Cup Final tickets, he can watch from the Royal Box if he likes. Wimbledon, too, there's opportunities; I'm looking forward to Wimbledon this year. As I say there's a lot of advantages, but of course the whole thing's seasonal. Where do we go in the winter time that's the question,



"Don't you realize, Lydia Winnington, that millions throughout the world would give anything for a meal like this! Finish up your glass of 'Slimphood' immediately."

and believe me you worry about it, every fly does. In winter you got nothing on the ball."

Came to Pieces in his Hand

MY medal of the week for misfortune goes to Barry Alderson, of Guildford. After robbing his landlady Mr. Alderson hit on what must have seemed a sure method of escaping justice. He ran away and joined the French Foreign Legion.

Got it out of a Book

THE pupils of Blackdown High School, Leamington, were asked (in the way pupils at schools seem to be asked things nowadays) whether they would rather be a caveman, Julius Caesar, Lady Godiva, a gamekeeper or a beatnik, and forty per cent of them said they would like to be a gamekeeper. I can't help feeling, though, that there was something disingenuous in their explanation that "it was a healthy sort of life."

Nor Iron Bars a Cage

KNITTING as a tranquillizer for convicts, now practised in Alcatraz, San Francisco, seems a suspect form of therapy. Apart from ugly memories of *les tricoteuses*, rousing ghoully anticipation of seeing the head of yet another double-crossing accomplice roll into the basket, there are the practical uses of needles as eye-gougers

for unpopular warders to take into account, plus the risk of a deft lifer running up a serviceable rope-ladder under cover of a cosy scarf for a visiting moll. A better ploy for softening the passage of time would be working out the value of π which, though calculated to 707 decimal places by a Mr. W. Shanks during a lifetime clouded by a boyish blunder over the 530th place, has just been taken to 10,880 places by an electronic computer.

Lone Voices

I'VE been hoping for years that some actor will one day flatly refuse to re-utter such lines as "I can explain everything" or "This calls for a celebration." But in vain. Is it just as vain to hope that politicians will stop talking about "going it alone"? Or, if they won't (which seems likely, considering what a run "War is not inevitable" had), that sub-editors won't pick it out for a headline, as if it enshrined the epitome of original perception? Mr. Tshombe and the would-be Mr. Wedgwood Benn were both headlined as going it alone last week; Mr. Macmillan, at the Academy dinner was going it alone too, or threatening that he would, or saying that somebody might. One forgets the details. Could they think of something different, please? I realize that it calls for a cerebation.



"What do you imagine a 'Daily Worker' is doing folded up inside a copy of 'The Times'?"

In Next Wednesday's PUNCH

Northerners are apt to regard Southerners as soft, and Southerners sometimes dismiss Northerners as coarse. Are they right? Nine partisans will argue four aspects of the matter, beginning with

Keith Waterhouse
and
Willis Hall

v.
Michael Ayrtton
on Cultural Attitudes

Later speakers in the debate:
Malcolm Bradbury v. Gerard Fay
Neville Cardus v. Aidan Crawley
Patrick Ryan v. Stephen Potter
on attitudes to work, sport, and
social affairs

"The Ambassadors" — Closing Shortly

THE crowds queuing for loan exhibitions of pictures suggest that one way a gallery could get its permanent collection looked at would be to advertise sections of it as borrowed for a short period from some foreign collector, charge for admission and force visitors to buy or hire a catalogue by not labelling the exhibits.

The "Balcony" Club

THE proprietors of strip clubs who are having a rather difficult time at the moment may find new fields in Kensington. According to a police witness in a recent court case local residents and their friends gather on balconies to watch the police keeping observation on parked cars. All quite legal too.

Photogenic Firebrand

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER'S comment, when a party he was leading on an archaeological tour came within sight of a riot, was that he could have led a better one himself. I find this doubtful. The essence of a Near Eastern riot is confusion; the essence of anything organized by Sir Mortimer is orderliness. A riot run by him would almost certainly overthrow any government it was aimed against and this would make it cease to be a riot and become a revolution. — MR. PUNCH



POWERLESS PLAN

PLANLESS POWER

Concluding the examination of
the betting industry



GAMBLING

WITH THE RICH

By LORD KINROSS

EACH race seeks its own favourite brand of euphoria, its own escape-hatch from reality into a dream-world of excitement and imagined well-being. With the French it is love, with the Germans war, with the Americans work, with the Slavs mysticism. The British, on the other hand, are lazy lovers, reluctant warriors, casual workers, sceptical mystics. Their chosen substitute for all these illusions is gambling, "an enchanting witchery," as a seventeenth-century Englishman called it, "gotten between Idleness and Avarice: an itching disease . . . a paralytical distemper." The British—that is to say the English, with their scorn of the saxe-pence—are a nation of enchanted, bewitched, itching, paralytical gamblers.

Gambling is the most English of all English indulgences, because it is by tradition aristocratic—hence popular. Democratic in essence, it enables the rich to become poor and the poor to become rich overnight. Overriding class barriers, it lowers gentlemen to the level of bookmakers and raises tipsters to the level of princes. Above all it enables the rich to set an example to the poor, to induce in them a divine providence, a healthy contempt for mere money, a fine disregard for the middle-class virtues of thrift and caution and forethought. And now, shouldering the aristocratic burden, a beneficent Welfare State has brought these gentlemanly attributes within legal reach of all.

Gamblers to-day are the only real gentlemen of leisure, free to win or lose fortunes without haggling in the market-

LORD KINROSS (Patrick Balfour), Winchester, Balliol, started working for Evening Standard, later many other publications. Travels as much for pleasure as the profit of writing about it. Served with RAFVR during war, also at British Embassy, Cairo. Books include *Society Racket*, *Lords of the Equator*, *The Century of the Common Peer*.

place or sweating in the office, without descending to such sordid contrivances as deeds and contracts, without indeed suffering the embarrassment of being sued if they fail to pay. Their work is their pleasure. They may sleep all day and play all night, never needing to stir from their comfortable homes save to saunter to the club, the home from home, or to the comfortable home of another.

For the Englishman, gambling's place is in the home. The Frenchman may lure him in season to his public casinos, with their vulgar, jostling crowds. But here he will slip away quickly to the *salle privée*, with its air of an opulent private drawing-room. Back in London, the Englishman's home is his casino. The appropriation of the property of others he regards as a matter for private hospitality, of the most personal kind.

It was so in the eighteenth century, when ladies kept open house for players of *faro* in such fashionable neighbourhoods as St. James's Square, with hot suppers served to the guests at two-hour intervals throughout the night. Card money of twenty-five guineas was charged to the bank-holders, until this custom came to be denounced as being "shabby genteel" and "a shameful degradation of everything like English hospitality."

It is no longer regarded as such. In the London of to-day, ladies and gentlemen of Belgravia let their houses and apartments for upwards of £100 per night, that other ladies and gentlemen may despoil one another at games of *chemin de fer*. Others, like the *faro* ladies, invite guests to their own homes for this purpose, sending out At Home cards nicely engraved with the intimation that "a game of *chemin de fer* will be perpetrated" and that guests will be collected by private car if they so desire. In general, the homelier the atmosphere the higher the play—and the wealthier, as time goes on, the host.

Until lately, with the reasonable motive of defraying the expenses of a life-about-town, he would impose on his guests a *cagnotte* charge of five per cent on moneys gained. But the Law, zealous presumably to guard against lapses into "shabby gentility," has put an end to this custom, and now all the host has to do is to allow his guests to buy white chips with the coloured ones, which they may chivalrously toss to the croupier if they so desire—an English compromise of a more gentlemanly and scarcely less rewarding kind.

The most fashionable host of this species is a handsome, well-mannered and impeccably dressed young gentleman, with an apartment in Belgravia and so affable a disposition as to invite even the police to his parties. He possesses also a model wife and a country mansion which, as he himself plays seldom, he is unlikely to lose to any guest at his table, after the manner of that eighteenth-century squire who gambled away his stately home in Suffolk room by room and, as it was pulled down, brick by brick.

His rooms are furnished with taste and upholstered with comfort. A cold buffet stands loaded with delectable foods and iced drinks, at a cost to the host of some £500 each evening, and the guests as they play are served swiftly and quietly by immaculate footmen, popping champagne corks and attentively filling and refilling each glass. Heavy curtains and a thick pile carpet muffle intruding sights and sounds. The lights shine brightly on an oval baize table, around which good-mannered ladies and gentlemen lounge, tens or hundreds or thousands of pounds worth of coloured chips stacked neatly before each place, to change hands as the "shoe" goes round and the cards are upturned and the croupier wields his delicate rake.

Here is Euphoria, SW1. A dreamlike glow pervades the scene, banishing the ugly realities of the outside world. The guests display none of that tight-lipped, tense concentration which makes the high table of a French casino seem like a board meeting confronting a company failure. All are relaxed and at ease, sipping lazily at their wine, joking a little, talking casually as ladies and gentlemen do, playing the game with as little apparent concern as if it were no more than a carefree round of beggar-my-neighbour—as indeed in a sense it is. In this elevated atmosphere, where money has momentarily assumed an abstract form and only the dawn

will transmute it once more into cold, hard cash, it becomes the most natural gesture in the world to nod, as one entranced, to the croupier, and to request of him, "Another thousand pounds' worth of chips, please!"

Out of this gambling heaven, where banks range upwards, according to mood rather than means, from £100 to £10,000 a time, this host has made anything from £1,000 to £20,000 in a night, from £50,000 to £100,000 in a year. One evening a young Lord lost £30,000 and was heard to remark, with an off-hand air, "I suppose I shall have to sell a village"—much as the Lord Folkestone of a previous age staked and lost Folkestone.

One year, at Ascot, play continued throughout the night until the races began on the following day (a feat of endurance nevertheless surpassed by such giants of the past as Casanova, who once played piquet for forty-two hours at a stretch, rising only when his opponent fell in a faint under the table.) In the course of this Ascot night a Scottish gentleman, unusually free with his saxpences, lost £168,000, while a North Country nobleman, calling for another £100,000, wrote a cheque to the host for his losses of £90,000 to date, with the nonchalant query, "Shall I make it out, 'Pay Cash'?"

So it was in the days of the bucks and the beaux, when it was said that the chariots of the nobility rolled on four aces,



"Normal! You can get up!"



"If you must know, me sick of baby-talk."

when Charles James Fox lost a fortune of his own and £140,000 of his father's before he was thirty, and when Mr. Crockford, a former fishmonger, in the palatial club (still existing to-day) which George IV described as "an infamous receptacle for plunder," won in a few years £1,200,000, "the whole of the ready money of the existing generation."

When, a few years ago, the young man of Belgravia was ungraciously and unsuccessfully summoned by the police for his hospitality, his counsel was overheard to remark, "We've got to win this case, otherwise there will be nothing to stop the police marching into the Athenaeum and arresting all the Bishops." Under the old law he won it, and under the new law the Bishops are safer than ever. A Mayfair club of a different kind, in which roulette was formerly played, may now have to change its ways, or change the roulette wheel, since the number zero yields a profit, now illegal, to the bank. In fact, together with other night-clubs, restaurants and hotels, it may soon turn itself into a casino for other games of chance, charging entrance fees and "shoe-money" at different rates, for different scales of play.

In gentlemen's clubs, however, the scale of play has shown a sad falling-off from the days when, at such clubs as Brooks's and Almack's, young gentlemen would lose anything from £5,000 to £15,000 in an evening. At the Portland Club, the shrine of bridge, this game is played with a fine panache and a taste for the goulash, but seldom for more than £100 per hundred and often for sums on a descending scale from £20 to as low as £2, so that often a mere few thousand pounds may change hands in an evening.

At White's, where in the Regency days a distinguished general won £200,000 at whist, thanks largely to his "notorious

sobriety," the play to-day is disturbingly modest, a maximum of £2 per hundred at bridge confining losses and gains to mere hundreds and fifties of pounds. Poker and gin rummy are played elsewhere, and backgammon in one club especially, where a visiting member lately lost £14,000 in two successive evenings but, after a brief lecture to his adversary for playing so high, was able to settle the account for a matter of a few thousand dollars.

There was a time when gambling brought man nearer to nature, giving him a kinship with the world of horses and dogs and other competitive beasts. The eighteenth-century gentleman would delight to lay bets, not merely on these animals, but on such events as a race of asses ridden by chimney sweeps, or another between a flock of geese and a flock of turkeys from Norwich to London (the geese winning because the turkeys would roost in the trees); while Beau Nash once won a bet by riding naked on an ass through a country village.

To-day the smell of turf or kennel or stable is all too far from the gambler's nostrils, as he sits in his armchair or at his desk, with a telephone at his elbow to lay bets with his bookmaker, and hardly a sight of a race unless it happens to rate the television screen.

The age of the armchair gambler is that of the safe bet, living down to the principles of social security. Typical of the rich punter of to-day is the man with much capital and a mathematical mind, who backs every horse in a race on a system so calculated that he is bound to win not more than £100. One of the biggest of this species is a man who bets only on odds-on favourites, thinking nothing of putting £2,000 on an animal to win £200, and who, operating with a capital of £250,000, has been known to make £1,000 in a single year. Lately he fluttered from the narrow path to win a nice double of £500 on Floyd Patterson, the heavyweight boxer, at 18 to 5 on, and an odds-on greyhound. Sometimes, however, accidents happen, as with the millionaire who, greatly daring, risked £100 on a horse to win £110—only to find, when it won, that his bookmaker had misheard him, and was ready to pay him out £11,000 against a stake of £10,000.

The safest, hence most popular, arena of all in the eyes of the rich is the Stock Exchange, where gambling is known as investing. Here, profiting perhaps from the experience of a few early knocks in the speculative market, the so-called gambler will settle down to triple a capital of £20,000 in ten years, happily calculating that he has added an untaxed sum of £4,000 a year to his income—such a sum as the visitor to the Belgravian apartment would as happily win or lose in a single evening. The bandying of historic country houses backwards and forwards across the green baize table has given place to the operations of the property investor. This gentleman will buy one day, from a man he has never met, a piece of town property, of no architectural merit, which he has never seen, and will sell it a few days later at a profit of some £100,000, having drunk not so much as a glass of champagne in the process.

No panache here. No "enchanted witchery," no "itching disease." But a "paralytical distemper"? perhaps yes.

THE END

My Work for the Russian Secret Service

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD, in an interview with Barry Normanton

I HAD been working at the Council of Industrial Design, in Petty France, for about three months when it happened. One day my secretary announced that "a foreign-looking gentleman" wished to see me about a new plastic fabric he had invented.

"Plastics, schmastics!" I said. "Tell him I'm not . . ." And at that moment Mr. Rudi Smith announced himself and strode into the office.

"Please, see," he said, holding up a red square of shiny material, "it don't creasing, it don't shrinking, it don't ripping, I show." He tugged at the plastic which immediately and noiselessly split down the middle. Mr. Smith laughed. "Ah," he said, "I notice you having sense of humour."

Over lunch I got to know him better.

We arranged to meet again in Toni's Café off Bread Street. For recognition purposes I was to carry a small hammer in one hand, a tiny sickle in the other, and the password was to be "Herbert Read." Fifteen years ago I was pretty innocent. You will have to believe me when I tell you that my suspicions were not yet aroused.

Over coffee and pretzels we talked. I complimented him on the improvement in his English. "It is nothing," he said. "I perfected my speech in order to know you better."

And then he launched into a long, exciting history of the birth of Communism, giving credit punctiliously to the work in England of Marx and Engels, and touching briefly on such matters as dialectical materialism, the marginal utility of land, and Ernest Bevin.

"You too are for freedom, comrade," he said.

I nodded my agreement.

"It is a new technique, evolved in the Kiev University Faculty of Psychological Warfare. It is called brainwashing."

What Mr. Smith wanted me to do—and he was of course prepared to pay handsomely, in pounds, dollars, ration books, anything—was to deal him

the details, plans and prototypes of the goods being collected together for the great "Britain Can Make It" exhibition. He seemed particularly interested in Wedgwood beakers, a Decca record-player and Cooper's Oxford Marmalade.

"But if you think British industrial design is so hot," I said, "why don't you go ahead and copy it, like the Japanese?"

"That would be unethical," he said, shaking his head. "Besides we haven't the manpower available for such work."

Every month for two years we met, never of course at the same place twice. Usually it was in the stand at a football match, in some billiards saloon or strip show. Then we would repair, separately and by different routes, to his rooms on the eighth floor of the Sudbury Hotel in Chiswick, where he kept a small radio transmitter and all the other paraphernalia of his nefarious craft.

"To think," I said to him one day, "that in a few moments these micro-filmed working drawings of Mappin's improved percolator will be in Moscow!"

"Alas," he said, "the radius of transmission is small. The information will be picked up by our receiver in Reigate and from there smuggled out of the country by pigeon—first to Dinard, then to Köln, and from there by fast car to Moscow."

The first break in our arrangement occurred after about eighteen months. He had been complaining about the slow rate at which I was feeding him the designs of British consumer goods. "Moscow," he said, "is furious. The second five-year plan is nearly up and all we have so far are the drawings for a new cut-glass decanter, an improved aluminium percolator, a trouser-press and a pen that writes wet with dry ink. The economy of the USSR is becoming lop-sided. Beyond the Urals 350,000 men and women sit idle at the giant refrigerator plant waiting for plans. Our department store is overflowing with pens. Stalin is livid."

And then he told me about Russia's long-term struggle to wage economic war on the West. "The bomb means

military stalemate," he said. "From now on we fight for economic supremacy in the world's markets, in the uncommitted nations. We Russians have no experience of consumer goods. You British are renowned as the world's shopkeepers, so—"

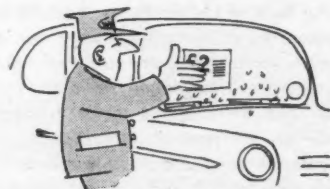
"Some people," I interrupted, "would say that the Americans now have the lead in industrial design."

"American design is vulgar. No character. The British have dignity and taste and quality. Please, comrade, will you not co-operate in the interests of world Communism?"

After this I visited Mr. Smith very seldom, and if my memory serves me correctly, the only additional secrets I handed over were plans for a new-style cardigan, a patent cycle hub-cap, a beer-engine and some air-line cutlery. Our mésalliance slowly collapsed and until last week I had almost succeeded in forgetting all about it.

What brought it back were the recorded impressions made by BBC reporters of their May Day visit to Moscow. Several of them visited the great department store, Gum, and were surprised to find that many of the goods on sale bore a striking resemblance to their counterparts in British shops—particularly the ball-point pens, cardigans and cut-glass decanters.

Needless to say, I was *not* surprised.





Summer in Corfu

by GERALD DURRELL

THERE is always, I suppose, an element of risk in returning, after a long absence, to a place in which you were happy, and the risk is, of course, greatly increased if it is a place in which you spent a part of your childhood. You wonder, if you return, whether the place will measure up to your memory of it, or will you find that your memory was distorted by the magic eye of childhood.

Therefore, when I decided to return for a holiday to the island of Corfu, it was with some trepidation, for the journey was obviously going to be fraught with danger. I comforted myself with the thought that Corfu had always been fairly well off the map, and must therefore have been by-passed by the tourist trade. I felt sure it would be as I had left it. Then I remembered that twenty-one years was a long time. More, I think, to encourage myself than anything, I poured into my wife's ears a series of descriptions of the island I had known, each so poignant that they brought tears to the eyes of the agent with whom we booked our tickets. I spoke of blue seas as warm as blood and transparent as a soap bubble; of warm nights lit by a million fireflies, while a moon (twice the size of any other moon) rose, golden and shining, over the Albanian mountains; of long, hot days, with a blue sky as smooth as jade, days quite quiet except for the hypnotic cries of cicadas in the vast, cool olive groves. With these remembrances I soothed my qualms, and so, by the time we started on the last leg of our journey in the small plane that was to fly from the heel of Italy across the burnished sea to the island, I was lying back in my seat smugly confident. Presently I could see the island looming ahead, looking brown and desiccated, lying like a mis-shapen scimitar in the sea. As we dropped lower I eagerly and—as it proved later—quite inaccurately pointed out landmarks to my wife. We landed, and the Customs were

smiling, swift and efficient, so within a few moments we stepped out into the sunlight.

I gazed around at the promised land. The sea, I noticed, was not blue but a pale grey, but, as I told myself, it was still early in the day. Those parts of the sky not obscured by grey and white clouds were blue, certainly, but not the vivid blue I had remembered. To be perfectly frank they were the colour of a rather ancient forget-me-not. By the afternoon, when we drove out to see some friends who lived not far from

summer they had known for years. Never had such weather been seen. Did we think it was due to the atomic bomb?

The next day we stuck to the town where there were plenty of places to shelter, and watched the blue sky with the worried expression that is such an instinctive part of the holidaymakers' equipment in an English seaside resort, but seemed unnecessary on a Mediterranean island. By evening, however, the sky remained cloudless and so we drove out to have dinner at one of the



the town, even these faint patches of blue had disappeared, and the whole sky had turned a beautiful bruise black. As we left the car and started to walk up the drive of our friends' house, an icy wind hit us and we were inundated by the largest hailstones I have ever seen in my life. Our friends dragged us into shelter, stinging from the force of the hail and with chattering teeth, and revived us with hot coffee. We sat there, shouting reminiscences above the noise of the hail which was hitting the roof and windows with the force of machine-gun fire. Our friends shouted that we had come during the worst

bays reputed to be the most beautiful in Corfu, Paleokastritsa. Here the bay lies, a mathematically precise half circle worn out of multicoloured cliffs. Perched high above, on one wing of the bay, lies the monastery, which glows white in the sun. To my delight, nothing had changed. Here the bay lay, blue and smooth, with just the faintest curving lip where minute ripples patted at the shingle rim of the beach. There was still the small hotel, sprawling under the olives, its vine-covered, open-air dining-room stretching down to the beach. In the fading light I could see, among the rocks in one corner of the

bay, the top of the sunken wooden cage in which I knew choleric looking lobsters were imprisoned. All the tables were empty, so we chose one where you felt you could almost reach out and touch the silken surface of the bay. Then I followed the waiter over the slippery rocks to the great weed-encrusted dungeon in which the lobsters lurked, and chose one for our meal.

We had just finished the last, sweet pieces of white flesh, and filled our glasses once more with amber wine, and I was just in the midst of explaining to my wife that there were even freak hailstorms in the middle of the Sahara, when the proprietor appeared at the table side. Was it true, he inquired, that my name was Durrell? I admitted this, while wondering which crime committed by one of my elder brothers in the past I was now to be accused of. But then the proprietor went on, I must be the Kiroi Durrell who had written

the book about Corfu? I admitted the charge warily, and the proprietor seemed overwhelmed. I would have a glass of wine with him, for old times' sake? I did, and found that my Greek, which had sounded so fluent in England, had disappeared without trace, leaving only a few phrases floating on top of my mind, like the wreckage from a sunken ship. I could, without difficulty, remember how to say "Where is the best place to catch green lizards?" or "Is it the mating season for the octopus?" but in my conversation with the proprietor it was difficult to steer the talk into the right sort of channels in which these vital phrases could be used without causing excitement, and perhaps alarm. I was forced in the end to get him worked up over the private life of his lobsters, where I felt on surer ground. By the time we had toasted each other, our holiday, his hotel, the outcome of the war, and our speedy

return to the island the following year, I was full of wine and feeling very mellow. Then, as we drove back to the town in the cool dusk, as if to order, the dark olive groves were suddenly full of the pulsating greenish light of fireflies, and there, lifting herself delicately over the jagged rim of the Albanian mountains, was the moon, as large and as burnished as any I remembered.

It was obviously ludicrous to live in the town, so we searched for a small villa we could rent. The one we eventually found was the size of a matchbox, so thickly covered with flowering creepers as to be almost invisible, perched on the extreme edge of a cliff overlooking a small, half-moon-shaped bay. Here we were soon enveloped in that curious sense of timelessness that is one of the island's chief charms. Soaked in sunshine and food we soon attained the Nirvana where you know that each year has four million days, and each will be as perfect as this one. In the early morning our tiny room would be tiger-striped where the sun slanted through the green shutters, and up on the road above we could hear the shrill, jay-like cries of the little man who brought fresh sea food each day. As one lazily climbed the steps to the road to peer into his great basket, carefully covered with green leaves, one wondered what it would be to-day. Sea urchins? Clams? Whitebait? Perhaps baby cuttlefish the size of a matchbox which one could stew in wine, or, best of all, he might have red mullet which could be



HARGREAVES

grilled over charcoal and anointed with garlic. By the time you had reached the fish man you were so excited by your gastronomic thoughts that it was almost impossible to bargain.

During breakfast a local village virago would arrive to "do" for us, and would crouch, black and mournful, beneath the olives gazing at us fixedly until, in desperation, we would make our way down to the tiny bay, leaving the house in her large brown hands. With savage grunts she would hurl herself from room to room, like a one-woman mob, apparently intent on disembowelling the villa. Pillows, sheets, mattresses would come flying out of doors and windows, to land on the

flower-bed and the creepers, and there lie to be sunsoaked. So, when you went to bed at night, your bed smelt of sunlight, crushed geranium leaves, the sap of figs and other curious but pleasant horticultural odours.

In the evening, sun-drunk, our bodies rough and salty from the clear waters of the little bay, we would be unable to face the Herculean task of cooking our own food, so we would drift down the road to the tiny café half a mile away. Here, at a table under the mimosa trees, we would drink our wine and watch the sunset on the sea, turning it from blue to silver, and then, suddenly, lighting it up with a blurred peacock iridescence that was unbeliev-

able. In this honey-smooth sea lay Mouse Island, very tiny and shaped like an isosceles triangle. Its sides were fretted with dark, ancient cypress, and near its pinnacle perched the tiny deserted monastery, honey-coloured in the setting sun. Presently, drifting casually through the gloom, our friends would arrive to join us. Wine would be drunk in silence until the last faint colours had been smudged from the sea, and then the singing would begin. Gradually at first, someone humming perhaps, deep in his throat, as richly as a sleepy hive of bees, and then he would be joined by someone else—probably the waiter, who would always cease his waiting to join in a song which was one of his favourites. You all joined in; whether you sang badly or well did not matter, what mattered was that the singing gave you pleasure, just as the wine you drank or the food you ate. Then, long after the moon had traced a path across the sea that changed from bronze to silver, our friends would escort us home, all of us singing as we went. Then, after leaving us safely at our gate, they would start back, and long after their singing had faded we could trace their progress by the sleepy, indignant barks of the local dogs. A last glass of wine, drunk on the cliff's edge so that you could look at the moon through it, while the humming-bird hawk-moths purred among the flowers at your feet, and then to bed in a room now as meticulously striped in silver by the moon as it had been in yellow by the sun.

I was grateful that I had not been disappointed, that the essential atmosphere of the island was still the same. It can only be summed up, I think, by the greeting that everyone uses in Corfu, the most attractive greeting in the world: "Be happy." I was glad to find the island and the islanders were still that, if nothing else.

★

"Mrs. Eisenhower was the most feminine of the four First Ladies and worked for and showed the greatest possessiveness toward her husband. He paid more attention to her and made her feel more of a bride than the other Presidents did."

The Sunday Telegraph

They were minding their own business.



"Well yes; perhaps I will have just one tentacle."



"Just think! Seats behind a pillar even in those days."



"Oh, can't grumble; we sold a cup of coffee last Tuesday—or was it Wednesday?"



ffolkes

PUNCH, May 17 1961



Summer in England

by REBECCA WEST



SOME years ago I spent a July morning in Philadelphia, a pleasing city which failed to please that day because burning heat had whitened the sky with mist, and this was drawing up to itself the stench from the unseen harbour. Towards noon I left for New York, and that was no better. The skyscrapers disappeared after a few storeys into a dirty flannel cloud. Everybody in the streets was clad in beach-clothes and their exposed flesh shone like glazed earthenware; and in an air-conditioned restaurant the polar draught set my sinuses stinging, and my dress hung clammy on me.

In the shafts of light which struck down into the narrow streets round Pennsylvania station the clouds of suspended dust hardly moved. But when I got out of the train in Connecticut I stood open-mouthed to watch a stout cypress, dark green against a pale green sky, rock on its roots as if an invisible giant were using the treetop as a punchball. A hot wind caught the hat off my head. I never saw it again; Ross of the *New Yorker* was waiting for me and told me not to bother about it, he would buy me another, we had to hurry home before the storm got worse. We dined early because we were going to the local theatre, but we were delayed by a visit from a neighbour who wanted the houseman's help to put things straight, as her garage door had blown off its hinges through a plate-glass window into her living-room.

Ross said the storm cleared up; I had to take his word for it. It was his country, not mine. I will concede that when we drove to the theatre the wind had fallen, on this journey the car was not chopped over to the side of the roadway every fifty yards or so; but even so hail was rattling down from violet skies. Throughout the play the roll of thunder came nearer and nearer and it broke over the third act like an artillery screen. When we left there was a sudden cloudburst and all the lights round the car-park went out. Before we could find the car I was lank

and damp like an anchovy in its jar, and the stiffening had been washed out of my taffeta skirts for ever; and I was up to my ankles in a stream which had not been there a minute before.

Ross was an intelligent and sensible man. Not till long after his death did anyone come up with the peculiar theory that he was an illiterate lout. But there were moments when he allowed himself to be the mindless voice of an American myth, and this was one of them. As we drove off he said "Well, I suppose you'd have had worse weather than this if you'd spent the summer back home in England."

Yes, of course we know what makes people talk like that, but really it is great nonsense. If by summer we mean not merely the warmer months of the year, but what the word suggests, with its sound of bees hovering unhurried over a generous flower-border, we can say that true summer is hardly to be found anywhere but in England. The point is that it has to be warm but that the grass, all grass, has to go on being green. That is why there is no true summer on the Mediterranean coast. It is possible to have a delightful time there during the months when there is, or should be, summer in England, but only by dint of swimming in the sea or sailing on it, and salt water gives an illusion of renewal, which belongs to spring. True summer must be neither too hot nor too cold. Those who try to find it in the mountains are on the wrong trail, for they are slapped into energy by the bracing air and thus get an extension of the pleasures of winter. Moreover, true summer can never be found where there are mosquitos, scorpions, venomous spiders, or professional snakes. (English snakes are amateurs.) It does not matter if there are drifts of red-hot poker by the side of the road, that behind the knolls dotted with beehive huts the Indian Ocean shines like a vast aquamarine; where there are mambas there can be no summer.

For it is an untroubled time, of

innocent excess, of self-indulgence which rebuts every ascetic objection by its paradisaical character. There is warmth but the grass is not scorched for there is rain, though it falls gently and usually at night. The appropriate emblem for the season is the tree which now-casts shade as dense and cool as it ever will, for every leaf it carries that year is now full size and at its greenest. Nature has come into money, and the world should be suffused with a guiltless version of the moral deterioration apt to set in as a result of such good fortune. That is demonstrated in the flower-bed.

In its essence the flower is not vestal, as Mr. Alfred Knopf, the American publisher, was once reminded in surprising circumstances. Before the war he gave employment to a German refugee, a village grocer who had belonged to a sect which had bravely ranged itself against Hitler. It was hard to find him a place in America, but Mr. Knopf made him gardener at his country house, and though the refugee had never done such work before he enjoyed it and made a great success of it. He showed such intelligence that Mr. Knopf, before he went on a journey, gave him a German book on botany. When Mr. Knopf returned after some weeks he found no refugee, his garden in disorder, and a farewell note reading: "That book you gave me says that flowers are nothing but the sexual organs of plants. You have been very kind, but of course I cannot go on being a gardener now I know."

There was never a sadder case of a man who had got on the wrong train and could not get off. Where can he have gone, except perhaps to the top of a slag-heap, once he had made the painful discovery that there is not a pin to choose between Flora and Fauna? Every summer since I first heard this story I have hoped that he was never starved into surrender, for at this time his sufferings were bound to be at their worst. Most spring flowers do not seem to have read that book on botany,

though hyacinths and some tulips have obviously heard of it. Autumn flowers would not trouble to pick it up if it were left about; prudent and hardy, the chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies think of how far they can get through the autumn and of nothing else. But the improvident and pampered flowers of summer know more than the poor refugee ever learned. All round him they would practise the softer faults.

The peony is ungirdled in its ripeness like a Paolo Veronese woman. The iridescence on the falls and standards of an iris amounts to make-up. Roses put out more flowers than they can sustain and human underlings have constantly to impose economy on the spendthrift organism by cutting them off. The delphinium and many another in the herbaceous border have no backbone and have to be staked. Begonias stand among their cast petals without shame. The dahlia has an unaccountable air of being overdressed. All are censurable; and outside the garden wall Nature behaves with criminal irresponsibility. On the verges of the lanes there rises munificently from the long grasses the cow-parsley, greenish-white and whitish-green and exquisitely intricate, and if not that some other flower which was never planted or tended. At least

the flowers inside the garden had to be bred or bought, watered and composted. But out here there is being carried on a vast process of pauperization. The fiercest critics of the Welfare State do not accuse it of such a country-wide conspiracy to give something for nothing.

Here we see summer performing its real function. It persuades human beings that, in spite of what seems like overwhelming evidence to the contrary, the universe is kind. It must be, since it gives them, for weeks and even for months, happiness of the relaxed sort so hard to come by in this life, and does not ask them to pay for it even by so much as the raising of a little finger. It may be objected that other parts of the world do this blarneying on the universe's account as sweetly as England, but that is to forget that summer is summer only because thinking makes it so. In England we have not merely summer, we have the idea of summer; and just as a room seems double the size if one wall is a mirror, so there are two summers in England.

No foreigner has the same urgent need for forming and cherishing that idea. Either he has a mild and clear winter and is not hungry half the year for a truce in a climatic war; or the mambas will not go away; or he has so

many good summers that he takes them for granted, and indeed welcomes grey skies. The English have the reverse conditions. They have months of trial not by exhilarating cold but by damp chill, from which they would welcome even a slight relief; but when the relief comes it may not be slight, it may be stupendous, it may be a perfect summer; but this perfect summer comes not every year, nor every other year, but at long and irregular intervals which make it reasonable for them to hope that any year may bring it, but also makes it probable that that hope may be disappointed. These conditions are bound to foster romantic love, and that is precisely what they have done; and just as Beatrice was exalted by being also Dante's almost unknown Beatrice, so the English summer is more than itself because it is England's rarely enjoyed summer.

It is true that no sane person would choose to have as his or her supreme relationship anything resembling the bond between Dante and Beatrice. Yes, of course we would all like to have better weather. But Dante and Beatrice did very well in these conditions and so do we. Last year I had proof of our success, one warm night, when there were still some horse-chestnut candles and hawthorn blossoms left to glimmer

AL FRESCO



"You've put the wrong basket in again."



"Don't say you've forgotten the radio!—
feel in all your pockets."

through the darkness. I lost myself in North London, and when I got out of the car to ask my way I found that I was on a hill-top covered with a network of little streets called after Disraeli's novels: Lothair and Coningsby, Tancred and Venetia, Endymion and Alroy, they were all there. An elderly man standing in a front garden, a torch in one hand and a trowel in the other, told me how to find the institution I was seeking and I asked him how these streets had got their names. He did not know and had never heard of Disraeli, but he told me that this was the place of all places to live, because it was near a public park where they grew magnificent roses. I should come back in a fortnight's time, he said, they would then be at their best. His voice brought them to bloom in the dark street, I smelt their scent as it is at noon. As I turned to go he called after me, "Peace, it's wonderful," and I was startled, thinking he was greeting me after the custom of the followers of Father Divine. But Peace was the name of the rose he specially wanted me to see in the park.

I continued to lose myself, and I got out to ask my way again, in a square of vaguely classical Victorian houses, where city merchants might have lived eighty or ninety years ago. Now they

are cut up into flats, and on the steps the tenants were sitting, not, as they would have been in New York, as gasping fugitives from the oven heat of their rooms, but as epicures savouring the benevolence of the season. By the railings of the square gardens stood a group of Teddy boys, stepping backward and forward so that the pattern of shadow cast by the trees above them painted masks on their faces. When they were amused they softly sent into the night hollow cries like owl-hoots. My car had stopped in front of a house where there was only one person on the steps, a very fat woman taking her ease among her chins, her busts, her flowing flanks. She was wearing a shiny white nylon overall, so she looked like a balloon which had deflated itself for the sake of comfort. She was rocking herself and crooning the old music-hall song, "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," in a buzzing hum, very like the sound a honeysuckle hears from the bee.

She was so drowsily contented I did not want to break in on her with my questions, or indeed on anybody in the happy shadows of this square, and I went into a big pub round the corner. On brackets on the wall there were vases of gladioli, and I felt the emotion which should justly be felt at the sight of these flowers in a pub. Many people

despise them for their artificial air, but they are actually the strong men of their kind, the heroes. Other flowers, taken into bad air, prefer death to dishonour and fade at once, but the gladiolus refuses to yield and lives out its span. When the barmaid saw that as she was answering my questions I was looking at these flowers she broke off and told me what a pleasure it was to have them there. There was nothing she loved like things that grew. Tomorrow was her day off, she was going to Blenheim. She had heard so much about the Park, she said, with shining eyes. I am sure she went, and sure too that Woodstock was choked with charabancs full of people like herself who went to share the good fortune of those people who have been allowed by fate to have their private summer round their homes. But as I went out through the doors I stepped into the dogged rain.

When the man standing in the night among the visionary roses had said "Peace, it's wonderful," I had felt a raindrop on my hand. Another, and another, and another, had fallen, still slowly, but as if there were plenty more where they came from, while I stood below the steps where the fat woman, sitting alone in the darkness, was singing to herself with the very voice of summer.

"Boiling!"



"Rover! Rover! Come here this minute!"

HEWISON in STOCKHOLM

Built on fourteen islands, STOCKHOLM is known as "The Venice of the North"



Swedes manage to exist during the day on half a sandwich — called smörgåsar

All Stockholm's girls are beautiful

but all have to wait for the bath-house to open

Artists on Location

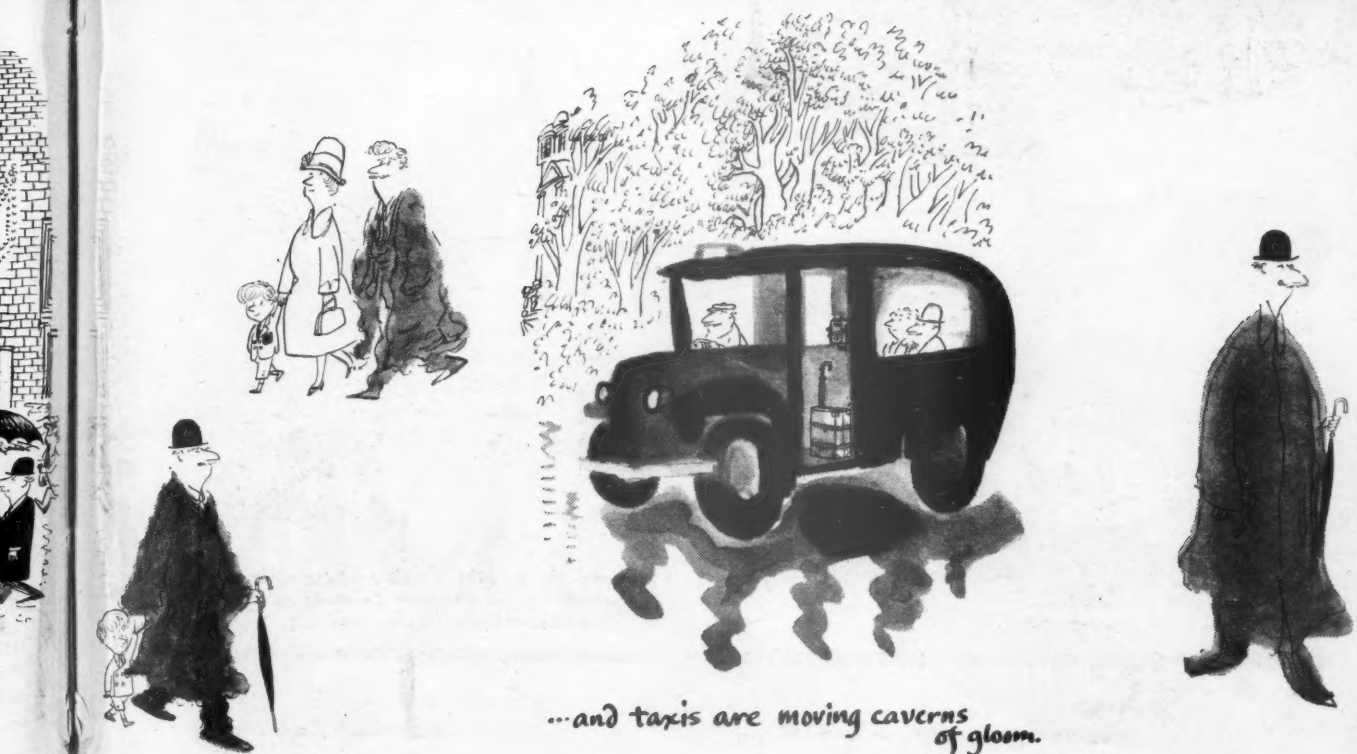
SEMPÉ in LONDON



To Sempé, Londoners seem both shapeless....



.... and shapely,



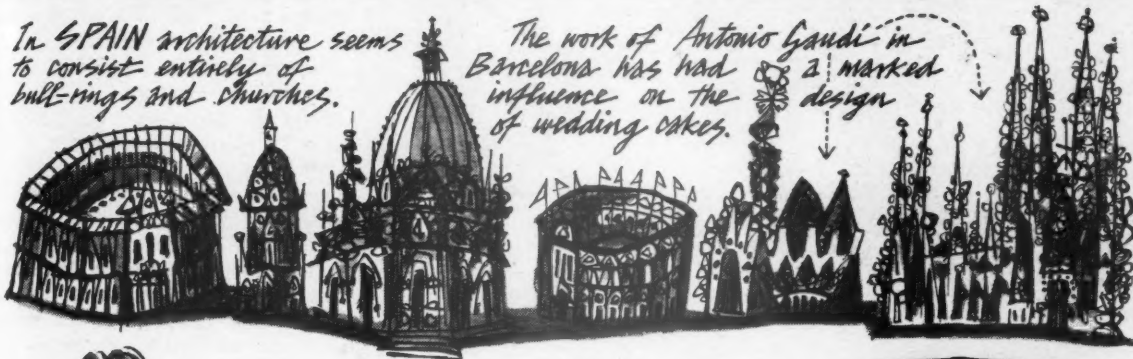


The intricate variety of his architecture is contrasted by the uniform camouflage of the Londoner's raincoat, hair, and city suiting.

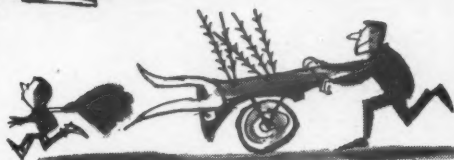
MAHOOD in SPAIN

In SPAIN architecture seems to consist entirely of bull-rings and churches.

The work of Antonio Gaudi in Barcelona has had a marked influence on the design of wedding cakes.



One can always enjoy a steak during the bullfighting season.



Bullfighting is a national passion and aficionados start to learn young.



Wine making has its occupational hazards.



but it's difficult to become acclimatized to the late dining.



They soon develop individual techniques for dealing with the bulls.



Pottery is a thriving local industry.



Mahood



"Help, help!"

Point-to-Point

By H. F. ELLIS

WALKING from the public enclosure where our own car was parked to the more select section of the hillside where our friends awaited us with lunch, one was able to observe the arrangements that other people were making to feed themselves. These were impressive. Not going much into open-air society I had no idea how the modern boot lent itself to the needs of a wine bar, nor what ingenious extensions to it could be made with hinged tables, hook-on gadgets and what looked like rubber sucker-pads of the kind used to attach drip-dry shirt rails in bathrooms. Manipulative chairs had been brought in plenty, tablecloths abounded, and knives and forks were being plied on quite elaborate pastry dishes, salmon mayonnaises and other delicacies well beyond the inventive capacity of the

Earl of Sandwich. The better white Burgundies seemed popular—one glimpsed a Meursault here and there—and Moselle bottles raised their slender spires to heaven, piercing like poplars (if Aldous Huxley's phrase is not too precious in this context) "the slow blue rumour of the hill." Educated accents asked for the mustard. Nice people with nice picnics; and altogether a stirring approach to one's own entertainment. Let us hope that our gracious hostess has spared neither trouble nor expense.

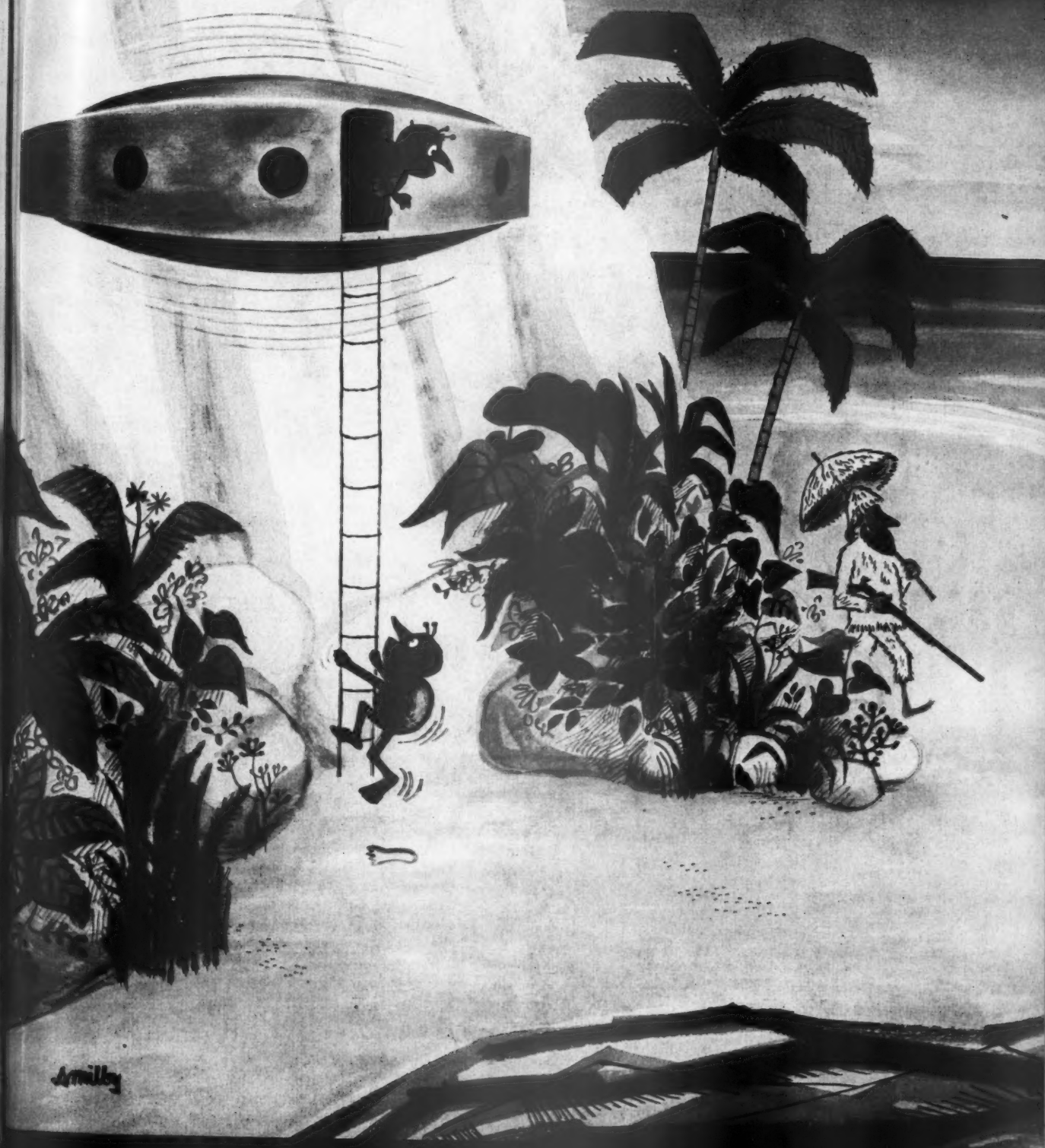
Ah, there they are! Not bad at all. No chairs of course, but then it is easy to spoil the alfresco atmosphere by over-refining. Given a leg of chicken and a glass of hock, one should surely be prepared to stand about in the sunshine until somebody with a free hand thinks of spreading a mackintosh on

the ground. And tomatoes out of a bag? Charming! Though naturally one must refuse, not being so richly endowed with members as Siva, or is it Vishnu? The people with the Rover, two cars down on the right, are helping themselves to salad out of a great wooden bowl, into which the host has just sprinkled a dressing over which he spent some time. Some kind of strawberry flan on the left, with whipped cream—No, no banana, thanks; I've got a bit of gorgonzola caught in the webbing between my second and third fingers, to tell you the truth. So perhaps a little later, if I may. I dare say one would be in less of a mess if one were sitting in a tubular aluminium armchair, like that woman over there, with my wine-glass clipped in a handy holder and an invalid table across my knees . . .

The fact is that this kind of competitive eating is unfair to picnics. The essence of a picnic is to be alone with one's friends, genuinely amazed by their forethought in bringing spoons to stir the coffee with, not darting envious glances at the aubergines being eaten by total strangers four and a half feet away. That old battleaxe in the tweedy hat, straight out of one of those quiet-week-endish plays, is complaining that somebody has taken her napkin. Not angrily. She can rough it with the best of them. All the same—Oh, *there* it is. It was under her purse all the time. Purse, eh? Some of these American status-seekers are practically indistinguishable from the real thing. Let's have a pipe, shall we, and start up the hill before there's any risk of having to help our hostess pile this hideous collection of odds and ends back in the boot. The first race is in twenty minutes and it's time to be making a selection.

Twenty-eight years have gone by since one last attended a point-to-point, but the bookies seem no different. All as busy as bees, wiping out and scribbling, scribbling and wiping out. King Vigo, which was at threes has gone to fours—gone *out* to fours, don't they say? All along the line the bookies are chalking up the figure four against King Vigo, with a desperate haste that suggests that another second at threes would have spelt ruin. For whom? What are they all *doing*? Hardly a soul has laid a bet of any kind during the

PUNCH, May 17 1961





time we have been watching, so it hardly seems possible that this concerted move to lengthen the odds against King Vigo is intended in some strange way to draw off the mass of money that is heaping up on Felicity at evens. And why is there just that one little chap at the end who is offering twos against Felicity? Is he out of the ring, a lone rebel who refuses to conform despite the threats and anonymous letters that he constantly receives? Will somebody carve him up on the way home? No, he has wiped out the 2 and made it evens. He can't have been looking. Missed the signal, very likely, and stood there in his dreamy way, duster in hand, doing nothing, quite long enough for some punter to have got a couple of bob on at twos and thrown the whole of this carefully balanced financial machinery out of gear. Look at that! *Flick* all down the booths, and Mercury Moon has shortened from sixes to fours. Somebody must have risked a dollar on the poor old mare, which one sees has the fateful "a" against her name on the race card. They say that above a certain age horses are allowed to conceal their secret under a simple "a" for "aged," instead of a "7" or a "9."

They don't look old, though. In the paddock—is it?—where the entries for the first race are walking round and round, they all look absolutely splendid. Bingo IV, which carries the four-shilling bet that is the minimum the tote permits us, glistens in all the splendour of his aged horsehood and makes one feel that ten shillings would not have been ~~too~~ much. But then so does Carraway Seed. And Araminta. And Mercury Moon. Felicity looks superb. And as for King Vigo, did not the man behind us rightly say that he was in excellent condition? It might be more useful to look at the riders, when they appear, and rush a cover bet on the one that looks debonair, yet quietly determined. No need! Here is Bingo's rider, more debonair and determined even than the rest.

Who would have guessed that Bingo would be last of all, save for his rider who did not finish?

The horses look much alike, but the people don't. How interesting that one can tell at a glance the women who are wearing tweed suits because that is what they wear from the women who



are wearing tweed suits because they have come to a point-to-point. So what? So nothing. Only there it is, you see. And all these splendidly typey types of men, so different each from each and yet so exactly the same as the men who were at that last point-to-point twenty-eight years ago. They are not tough, or over-rich, or racegoers, or anything like that. They do not walk the earth like kings, or stare you down. They do not even make the sort of remarks to each other that they would

make if they were in a film comedy of English country life. They look rather likeable on the whole. The only thing against them is that if you were so much as to bend down to pat a dog they would know instantly, by the way you did it, that you were not country-bred.

A point-to-point makes a grand day out, and Troglodyte very nearly made it in the fifth race; but if you happen to be a Londoner you don't half feel foreign.

Fat Man in the Park

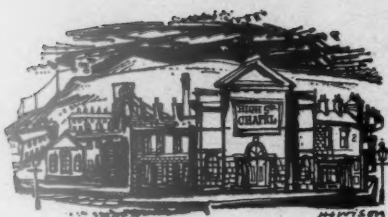
THE bees inspect him, but prefer the flowers.
He has been lying on the grass for hours,
A fat man in a light-grey suit.

Is he alive or dead?
The point is verging on the moot,
As Wodehouse wonderfully said.

He lies below the sympathetic trees,
A newspaper spread out across his knees.
It may be that he sleeps,
Under the cool, sardonic sky;
It may be that his widow weeps
For him, in Wandsworth or in Peckham Rye.

Aha, he lives! He waves the flies away.
He is a thing of beauty, I should say;
Not by the formal laws
Of art, and all that kind of guff—
Beautiful, though, to anyone who draws
The bounds of beauty wide enough.

— R. P. LISTER



GWYN THOMAS

Growing up in Meadow Prospect

6 Reluctant Trouper

MOST of us come through the years flanked by actors manqués who placate the virus by getting hold of us from time to time, plastering paint on our faces and pushing us into any strong light that happens to be handy.

My own Svengali was a teacher called Howie. Over the whole period of my youth he kept after me. I don't know exactly what kind of a dog Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven was but if it was surer-footed than Howie I would be surprised. I am not sure what the Hound wanted of Thompson but what Howie required of me was very simple. He wanted me to act.

The relationship began in the Primary School. I was about ten. Howie was a graduate who had failed to get a Grammar School post. He was disgruntled, idle and apparently mad. He had a dark, dissolute face and his main tactic was to lean against a window ledge, looking at us from between his fingers, as if, for sanity's sake, he was rationing the sight of us. The school's curriculum was narrow and Howie, by the use of a silent inertia, brought it to the point of vanishing. He was convinced that we were all perfectly able to write, spell and figure, but that we were making a show of being misinformed to bring Howie a daily inch nearer his last seizure. At any show of idiocy he would shout: "Nature bleeds, but I didn't go to University to be a first-aid man. Wound it some more."

Howie was a Welsh nationalist. He swam like a duck around the tank of tears that is fixed firmly in any Celtic past. He wrote patriotic playlets. Howie had stared at me for a long time and he said I had the true truculent face of an embattled Celt, the sort of features that had looked down at the Saxons through the fogs of Snowdon, thickening them. I tried to explain to Howie that my scowl had nothing to do with my being Welsh or a bristling insurgent. I looked the way I did because I was in the first stages of nicotine poisoning, genuinely foxed in my attempts to find any hint of promise or logic in my environment, and subject to some terrible ventral upsets brought on by an unwise excess of lentils in the Meadow Prospect diet.

But I played along with Howie. The play cycle he had written had two wheels: anguish and insurrection, and I was

the boy who did the major pedalling. My first appearance in each case was as a captive and in this Howie left nothing to the fancy. I would walk on to the stage bowed down by chains. These were very real chains and they slowed me down considerably. Most of the first act was taken up with me moving from the wings to the middle of the stage, clanking and enraged, to be told by some king or chieftain to get used to these trimmings because they were to be on me for life. I hated those chains. They had been left in the Memorial Hall by some escapologist with a leaking memory who forgot not only the essential details of trickery that would have him sailing out of boxes and sacks, but also left his equipment behind him. In the Memorial Hall he had had himself chained up and enclosed in a sealed barrel from which he proposed to make his escape in four minutes. The darkness must have put him off his stroke, or the chains were of too honest a brand. It took two coopers or hoopers to get him out.

The play on which Howie expended the most labour was one which showed St. David founding his cathedral on the cliffs of Pembrokeshire where a couple of his shin bones can still be seen. There was some talk of my taking the part of the saint and I worked my face into a whole new set of patterns to be able to present a picture of gentle innocence. I thought that this might possibly mark the opening of a new phase of more tractable and nourishing relationships with my fellows, and I could shed that iron top-coat. But Howie was dubious. The sight of me fettered and revolted had become one of his drawing cards, and it seemed to pull a satisfying bristle of excitement over the dry skin of his psyche.

He enquired of a few local hagiologists as to whether St. David had ever gone around in chains. They said no, all agreeing that David had been a fairly limber intriguer with a way of keeping on the right side of the gyves. Then Howie had the idea of casting me as the sullen landlord, a pagan bully, who takes pleasure in saying that he would much prefer to put David over the cliff than let him have the land required for building the cathedral. But Howie could see no way of having this landlord appear in chains. The whole point of the play was that from the beginning to the end where he is struck down by a miracle this landlord is a puissant and overbearing man.



"—and talk about draughtiness!"



But Howie worked me in after a lot of hard thinking. In the last scene the landowner is raising a club to St. David and the saint just stands there smiling, not even lifting his pastoral crook. In the original version the landlord gets his quittance by some bit of intercession from on high. Howie had favoured a bolt but this would have been hard to stage, so he fell back on a stroke. Then he got an even sharper idea. As the argument between the landowner and the saint is warming up a very fierce-looking felon, chained, is brought on by an escort of gaolers on his way to the gibbet. That was me, back to base. I ask my captors for a few minutes' pause. The gibbet is a fair way from the gaol and the chains are heavy. I stare at the saint. I am trying to remember something. The memory gets through. Years before, in the middle of some bit of delinquency I had been caught and led before the saint. He had fed me and advised me to go straight. He had even given me an address to which I could go and apply for some sort of honest work. But I had been making too much of a noise with my eating to catch the last part of the address, and in any case I was stupid with youth and flushed with confidence. The food had merely given me fresh strength to move more briskly towards some new bit of crookedness.

So there I was, unregenerate, shackled and on my way to the last penalty. I tell the gaolers all about this and say that if I were not so ashamed of my folly and if I had a little more

time I would go up to the saint and tell him how right he had been. At that moment the landowner, making statements in favour of paganism, rent-racking and evictions, raises his club and swings it at St. David as part of a short peroration. The club connects, but David, case-hardened by his sense of mission, suffers no harm. I lose my temper. I give a cry that scatters the guards. I leap at the landowner and beat him to death with my chains. Then the guards do as much for me. As I lie dying the saint bends over me and I make a long speech, going over much of the same ground as I covered with the guards: the meal, the deafness that cut off the last part of that address. I also express my genuine repentance and my sincere pleasure in having to walk only half-way to the gibbet. St. David weeps and Howie floods the stage with a golden light, and behind the backdrop a choir of very sweet trebles sings a simple song about heaven as St. David himself frees my body from the chains. The boy playing David was a fumbler who was at his worst when handling metal. I had all the work in the world not to open my eyes and tell him to take it easy. By the time he had taken five or six tugs at the iron I felt like something in an egg whisk. But it was a fine powerful scene and the regional record for overt sobbing was split right down the middle. Two cases of bronchitis and three of marital frigidity and four of ingrained and calloused thrift were put right by the bomb of compassion that burst over the audience.



"No, no, Maisie—the Professor of Archaeology has his own can."

At least that is how it was on the first night. The headmaster of the school was in the front row grinning delightedly from the moment I appeared. His name was Theophilus George; we called him Theo. He had long been convinced that I was the hub of various commotions in the morning assembly, gossiping and leading groups of choristers in simple parodies of the hymn such as "From Theo skill and science flow." He was very happy about the chains that Howie had managed to make my almost regular wear. More than once I had heard him say that my fetters should be beaten flat, fitted with buttons and made immovable. Whenever the situation in the play caused my shackles to be removed his feet would start tapping impatiently and he would remain depressed until I ran into the disaster and death that Howie's scripts had waiting for me like large terminals.

On the second night Theo moved the front row nearer to the stage so that he could have an even more satisfying headful of my plight. The boy playing the landowner was a powerful, inarticulate lad called Grafton James. His father was a pious, reactionary man who had taught Grafton to keep his thoughts small and recognizable. Grafton, for various reasons, hated me. He considered me a crafty dialectician, a glib infidel who enjoyed nothing more than standing on pavements scoffing at the Boys' Brigade of which Grafton was the Drum Major. He also felt that on the first night some of the blows I had aimed at him with my chains had been genuine. He was wrong. In those chains I never managed to work to a fixed programme.

From the start of the second public performance Grafton

was clearly in a mood for mischief. When he spoke to St. David it was in a harsh shout that would have won a bonus from Stilicho or Hengist and when he brought his cudgel down on David he meant business.

When I made my rush at Grafton there was a sincere malevolence in my approach. He side-stepped and Howie's script and I went hurtling off the stage at the same moment. I landed on Theo and we wound up with our heads well inside the same concussion. He had been leaning forward to catch the last nuances of my agony and a flying fetter had caught him at the back of the neck. When he came round he made a full statement in which he said that Grafton was blameless and that I had meant this landing as the climax of all the years of dark and steady work I had put in in the main hall removing the gloss of dignity from the morning service. He instructed Howie to weed me out from the actors' guild. I also had a chipped ankle which kept me out of the two-mile walking race for the under-twelves which Theo, who sincerely believed in bringing sadness and depletion back to the Celts, had organized for the following Whitsun.

That is why, my Welshness apart, I've always had a fancy for St. David.

THE END

Next Week

"NEW REPUTATIONS," Number 1:

Johnny Dankworth

by PATRICK SKENE CATLING

Thin End of the Wedgwood

By PETER DICKINSON

THE arguments for Mr. Wedgwood Benn being allowed to remain in the Commons are so obvious and overwhelming that it is really more enjoyable to think up reasons on the other side. These can conveniently be arranged according to who or what his non-elevation will be bad for. For instance:

(1) *Mr. Wedgwood Benn.* Our hero, in attempting not to succeed to the historic honour of an English Peerage, is marking himself down for higher things. A Man of Destiny. These do not go down well in the Labour Party; look what happened to Oswald Mosley. The Lords, on the other hand, is the coming place, particularly for ambitious men who want to handle a tricky Ministry without being got at in the Commons, as Lord Home has shown. Furthermore, English Lords are still treated with extra consideration in the less sophisticated hotels on the Riviera. Is it worth giving all this up for a shadow place in a shadow opposition?

(2) *Master Wedgwood Benn.* Is it fair to ask the lad to shoulder a burden which his father is not prepared to? There is a danger that in ten years' time, when Mr. Benn is himself a respected member of the Cabinet (Ministry of Works?) his son will feel that he has been deprived of a political future, turn bitter and refractory, start brawling in night clubs and allow the honourable style of Stansgate to appear in the seedier columns of the daily press.

(3) *Mrs. Wedgwood Benn.* One can hear the neighbours talking: "My dear, have you seen her latest hat? Just like a coronet." "I know for a fact she's got drawers full of linen with natty little coronets in the corner. For when his young lordship marries, she says." "Poor thing. She can't help thinking what she's missed."

(4) *The Electors of Bristol.* An awkward lot anyway; they behaved very badly to Burke, for instance. Just let them get it into their heads that their overwhelming vote for Mr. Benn represents the opinion of the country as a whole and they'll be marching on London to

demand that the seat of government be moved westwards. And if they don't succeed (and pretty pig-headed this government has shown itself to be) the march will become an annual event, and then what will happen to Aldermaston and nuclear disarmament?

(5) *Ulster.* This is the only bit of Ireland that still belongs to us, and so is vital to our tourist trade. Much of the attraction of Ireland depends on its reputation for eccentricity, and in the case of Ulster this is finely represented by her political system, under which members are chosen for the English Parliament by the constituents voting, often with majorities quite as overwhelming as Mr. Benn's at Bristol, for criminals and clergymen. These, like Mr. Benn, are disqualified from sitting in the Commons, and their opponents

go off to London to represent the interests of the electors. Once let it be admitted that the wish of the electors has any bearing on the fitness of a man to represent them, and the whole system will fall through, notorious criminals will be allowed to rub shoulders with Sir David Eccles, and there will be a nasty fall in our dollar earnings.

(6) *The House of Commons.* Mr. Benn is not alone in his predicament. There are other heirs to peerages on the back benches, Lord Lambton and Lord Balniel, for instance. These are almost the only people in the Commons who can afford to speak their minds, *because they have no political future.* Admittedly they have not yet galvanized the House, but they might any day. But let Mr. Benn have his way and the deadly

THEN AS NOW

Last week Mr. Maudling criticized the inadequacies of British sales technique abroad just as severely as Joseph Chamberlain did sixty years ago.



THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING SO WELL AS I DID."
JOE. "WELL, IF YOU WANT TO GET THE BETTER OF THOSE FOREIGN CHAPS, YOU MUST CHOOSE YOUR FLY TO SUIT THE FISH—AS THEY DO!"

September 25 1897

discretion of the Tory back-bencher will descend upon them too.

(7) *The House of Lords*. This we will take in two sections:

(a) Supposing the Lords to be in need of major reform: in that case the reformers need every argument they can lay hands on; any patchwork compromise will slightly alleviate the seriousness of the need for reform and so weaken arguments for and delay the advent of a complete overhaul of the system. Mr. Benn's predicament is a good thumping example of the idiocy of the present arrangement; he must take his medicine, but continue to make a fuss about it, for the greater good of the community.

(b) Supposing the Lords to be in no need of reform: in that case the virtues of the present system must be upheld. Chief of these is that the system of choosing peers makes the House an almost perfect random sample of the British nation. Gone are the days when

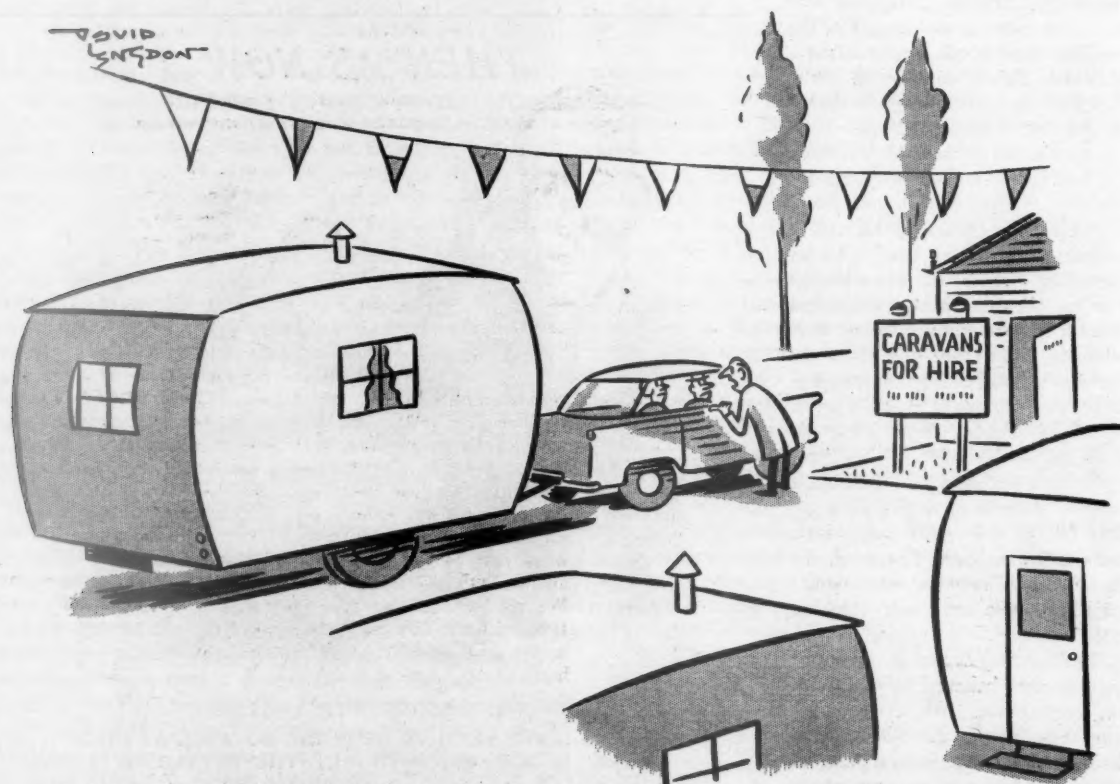
the Lords was peopled by the owners of great estates, interested only in the deportation of poachers and the starvation of the Irish. Now they are a cross-section of the community. This is shown by their normal behaviour, which is to take no interest in politics. But let some subject that stirs the public mind—flogging, hanging, newspapers—come up and they leave their desks and counters and tractors and flock to London to let us know what the *people* (as opposed to the professional legislators) think. Any sociologist will tell you that the vital thing about a random sample is that it must not be vitiated by any element of choice. This is just what Mr. Benn is trying to do. He must not be allowed to.

I have found seven arguments; that is enough,

*Mr. Benn, for both you and your heirs.
The Tories will listen all day to such stuff
In their effort to kick you upstairs.*

BLACK MARK . . . No. 3

. . . for the polythene bag movement, which began with harmless little products ideal for keeping the dust off a new tooth-brush, and has now passed through the full intermediate ranges up to bags big enough to house suits of clothes, or to deliver washing-machines, TV sets and spin-driers in. There is a psychological compulsion among women to replace in its bag, after use, any article that originally came in one, and many articles that didn't, such as newly started sandwich-loaves, old cheese, opened pots of fish-paste and yesterday's watercress. Husbands feel differently. The question is, did we manage all right before we had polythene bags? Answer, Yes. If they go—and some pray that they may—will they be missed any more than the midge-deflectors that every car had on its bonnet two years ago, and of which not one survives?



"For the first few miles you'll have a tendency to wave it on to overtake."

Essence of Parliament



A BENN by any other name would smell as sweet, and I think kindly of Mr. Benn and wish him nothing but good fortune. That being so, I hope that he will not take it as a reflection if I say that there seems to be a most striking similarity between his recent career and that of the Devil. The establishment of the Church of England has sought to remove the Devil from the catechism, but the overwhelming voice of public opinion has demanded that he be put back again. So, too, with Wedgwood Benn. I have no doubt that he, like the Devil, will win in the end. Whether Monday's proceedings brought him much further on the road towards victory is as it may be. A crowded and expectant Chamber awaited his non-coming, but, as with the murder of Clytemnestra, everything interesting happened off-stage. There was another crowd waiting in the Lobby and there a somewhat prefabricated conversation took place between Mr. Benn and the doorkeeper as a result of which he was not let in. The two debates in the Chamber did not amount to much, for they were exact repetitions of the two debates that had taken place a week or two ago. Should Mr. Benn be heard and should he be allowed to take his seat? It can be argued that the Bristol election had underlined the absurdity of disqualifying Mr. Benn but it clearly had not altered the fact that he was disqualified.

Yet Mr. Butler has undoubtedly got the Government into a proper mess. Some of his own supporters—though fewer than on the previous occasion—voted against him and more abstained. Mr. Yates of the Wrekin not only spoke up for Mr. Benn but even went into the gallery afterwards to shake him by the hand. One cannot complain of Mr. Gaitskell for wanting to make the most of it nor for chipping the Government that their real reason was the fear that they would have Lord Hailsham back on their hands in the House of Commons. Lord Hailsham listened to it all from the Peers' Gallery with unsmiling face. But why—oh! why—must Mr. Gaitskell, too, think that King Canute imagined that he could stop the tide? If Winchester does not teach better than that, it is high time that the public schools were abolished.

That Canute Canard Again

Mr. George Brown, as he usually does whenever he makes a speech, announced that he was making history.

On the same day the Lord Chancellor was not having a very happy time in the Lords trying to talk himself out of the Chalk Pit case with Lord Tenby sitting sardonically on the cross bench listening to him. The next day the Ladies made history when for the first time one of their number, Lady Horsbrugh, was one of the Queen's Commissioners to signify the royal assent to bills. Speculation wondered whether she would, like a mere male, raise her hat at the appropriate moment. She preferred to nod.

Apart from that the Lords have given most of the week to

traffic and religion. On Tuesday they talked about adding P-licences to the L-licences and marvelled how clever taxi-drivers were in knocking down so very few pedestrians, and on Thursday Lord Conesford characteristically threatened legislation forbidding Cabinet ministers from travelling in motor-cars so that they might learn what rush hours were really like. In between on Wednesday there was Lord Arran's motion welcoming the recent improvements in relations between the Churches. Their lordships as a body are not primarily theologians and it may seem to some slightly odd that they should have been discussing such a topic at all. But their very lack of expertise was in some ways their excuse. In this, if not in other matters, they were the chamber of the Common Man. The debate was for the most part both charitable and edifying. Lord Arran has, I see, written a letter to *The Times* complaining of the press for reporting it as if it had been a bear-fight and I think that he is justified in his complaint. There was only one bear,

The Archbishop Strikes Back

Lord Alexander of Hillsborough, who, moving from the Front opposition bench in order to show that he was not making a party speech, took the occasion to deliver a curious and very violent personal attack on the Archbishop of Canterbury which brought the Archbishop to his feet in protest not less than seven times, but apart from that all was tranquil and Lord Longford perhaps struck the deepest note.

The House of Commons, as Mr. Henry Brooke truly remarked, is a strange place, the home of the unexpected, and no one could have foreseen that a Rating and Valuation Bill would be the occasion for a more detailed lecture on the history of Eton than had been heard at Westminster for some years. The lecture came from Mr. Fenner Brockway, who is Eton's Member and who obviously has a curious love-hate relationship with the school. He disapproves of it but likes it and took the occasion to argue—truly enough—that Eton is not a charity and—what may well be true—that its junior masters are greatly underpaid. On Thursday we heard the grievances of the Scottish schoolmasters. Perhaps the Etonians may join them on strike and that may be the final solution of the public school system.

Members trooped up on Tuesday with the hope of hearing the Prime Minister answer questions on George Blake. But he managed to play out time on the Elgin Marbles and got out of it, much to the disgust of a number of back bench Socialists, who thought that the two Front Benches had been in collusion to rob them of their rights. Mr. Marsh of Greenwich even tried unsuccessfully to adjourn the House on the matter. There is little doubt that there had been some sort of collusion between the Front Benches, but it was mere bloody-mindedness which caused it. With some reason they obviously wanted to put off the statement until after the Prime Minister had had his talks with Mr. Gaitskell. By Thursday that had happened and the Prime Minister was able to make his announcement. We are, as is known, to have another "inquiry, and Dame Irene Ward hopes that "down to earth" people will conduct it. The Prime Minister frankly told us that we simply had to take his word for it that the issuing of the D-notices was not as silly as it seems. We are left to guess what is meant by his mysterious hints about "leaking and planting." But some people wish that the Government's Common Market Policy might be entrusted as a top-level confidential secret to M.I.6. There would then be some chance that we might learn what it is.

— PERCY SOMERSET



MR. ANTHONY
WEDGWOOD BENN



The Price of Growth

"I HAVE had to unlearn all that I had ever learned about investments. I have never been so consistently wrong about markets, including the shares of my own company, as I have been in the last three years." This is the theme-song intoned in many board and partners' rooms in the City of London. More wise men, usually in and past middle age, have been more wrong about this equity boom than about any major market movement since the great crash of 1929.

Far be it from Lombard Lane (which is just within the square mile) to suggest that the wisdom and experience of the City count for naught; that we have entered a new era in which there will be constant growth and no more slumps. But there can be no denying the revolution in the investment habits and policy which is reflected in the persistence of a "reverse yield gap," i.e. in the fact that one can earn about two per cent more on War Loan than on the mixture of risk capital represented by the shares included in one of the many indexes of industrial ordinary shares. The reversal of the normal relationship in these yields has required the unlearning of lessons learned in the past.

There is nothing strange in the new normality. It recognizes the fact that the economy will continue to expand; that the major violent swings of the trade cycle are, if only for political reasons, a thing of the past; that inflation may not be as virulent in the future as in the twelve post-war years but that it is more probable than deflation; that the best we can hope for is a stable level of prices and that even this hope is decidedly slim. In investment terms the policy of choosing the growth industries and then the best companies within them, will continue for some time to point at the best shares to buy and to hold.

Among the expanding trades and industries retailing sticks out a mile. Retail trade is again booming. Hire purchase credit is climbing to new

records. One firm in the trade which has eschewed hire purchase like the devil, to its great material and perhaps moral profit, is Marks and Spencer. It has again put up a tremendous performance for the past year. The turnover is 12½ per cent up. The net profit has been raised from £9 million to £10·3 million. The dividend is stepped up from 40 to 47½ per cent and the promise of still more to come is implied in a ten per cent scrip issue. This firm can look back on a continuous history of expansion spanning many years. This is the kind of record and performance which justify the persistently low yield basis on which Marks and Spencer shares have been and will probably continue to be valued.

Rugby Portland Cement is another shining example of a very good company in an expanding industry. The order book is well filled. Deliveries to the domestic market this year are running thirty-eight per cent up on last year. Profit margins after the recent increase in the price of cement are probably

larger now than they were a year ago. On this kind of prospect, is it any wonder that the shares should stand on a two per cent yield basis?

Finally let us look at Schweppes. Its fortunes in the past have been somewhat dependent on the people's thirst to which last year's dismal summer contributed very little. The latest report suggests that the company is now less vulnerable to special climatic factors. It is diversifying its activities. The new jams may yet be brought in to restore the balance of the old soft drinks. But it is with drink that the company's future must lie. With its considerable success in replacing a gin and tonic for the dry martini as the traditional American cocktail-hour beverage Schweppes deserves a medal of its own—not only from the Dollar Exports Board but from a wide and satisfied circle of investors. The yield on the shares is 3·2 per cent which should go some way to satisfy the dinosaurs of the investment world.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *



Winning More Land

THOSE still-crumbling cliffs at Dunwich with the city itself long lost, the Straits of Dover and the Goodwin Sands, Lyonesse and the Bells of Aberdovey—this island is circled with drowned lands of fact and fiction. And still, here and there, the sea nibbles on.

So the sea is an enemy? Presumably. We speak with admiration of how the Dutch have "won land from the sea" and may occasionally spare a doubtful pat or two for Englishmen working to the same end. Obviously the supply of land in this overcrowded island is increasingly tight, and there is plenty of sea and to spare, so to make land where only sea was before should rank as "a good thing."

But . . . But in England one of the great "goods" and goods of our day is amenity with fun and games. There is a vast and growing interest in pleasing week-enders and holiday-makers. On some parts of the coast, consequently,

the business of winning more land from the sea is now exciting bother.

The most hopeful current technique is not so much in the field of civil engineering, as practised in the past by the Dutch, but in a more subtle exercise of applied biology. A certain hybrid *Spartina* or cord-grass, which seems to have its share of the renowned hybrid vigour, has shown a great capacity for establishing itself on the soft tidal mud of estuaries and some foreshores. And—here is the sting—of seeding and spreading to sandy beaches.

This *Spartina* has long been making land (perhaps only poor sheep pasture to start with, but still, land—wheatland or building land of the future) from the low-tide mud-flats of such various areas as Southampton Water and Poole Harbour, the Blackwater estuary in Essex, the Wash and the coast near Holkham in Norfolk. It has also been taken by man to such places as the Dovey estuary in Cardigan Bay and the Parrett estuary and Kingston Seymour in Somerset. From these last stations it has spread to some favoured sandy beaches: notably to Sandy Bay near Weston-super-Mare. The tourist trade is alarmed and reporters have told how hundreds of acres where children recently built sand castles have now been transformed into a wilderness of reed-like grass. So that is what happens if a man makes ten acres where none was before!

—J. D. U. WARD



"Seventeen is my personal best."



"Ad a little machine once but it weren't the same."

SMOKE SIGNALS

By FFOLKES



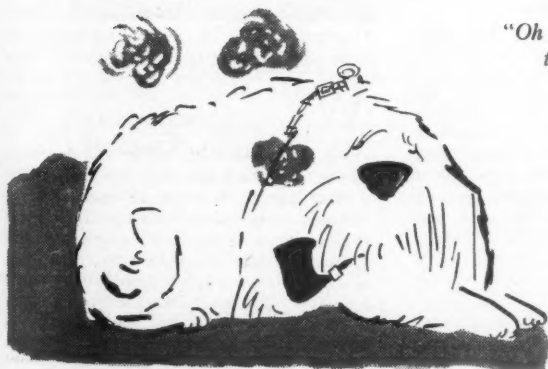
"I'm trying to give it up."



"Oh dear, didn't you know they were herbal?"



"I decided to live fully."



"Of course we have to fill it and light it up for him."



"Keeps out injurious tars."



CRITICISM



AT THE PLAY

Beyond the Fringe (FORTUNE)

LAST year four ex-undergraduates were the hit of the Edinburgh Festival with their late-night revue, *Beyond the Fringe*, and now here they are in London. They are nothing if not original. No décor but a bit of practical carpentry with a piano set into its end, no dancing-girls, no exotic dresses; led by Jonathan Miller, a doctor with a clown's face and a natural gift for mime, who made his name in the Footlights, they depend entirely on their wits. These are impudent, irreverent and sharply satiric.

If they don't seem so consistently amusing as they did at Edinburgh, one must allow for the tedium of a festival, from which they were a great tonic, and for London first-night nerves. I am sure improvements will be made in their programme, at present weak in patches, notably in the death-cell scene, which is macabre without being witty. But on average their highbrow lunacy is triumphantly funny, and the contributions of each member of the team are highly individual and about equal.

Jonathan Miller is at his best in explaining how four hundred pairs of blue corduroy trousers came to be at the Lost Property Office, and in demonstrating the embarrassments of Nelson's

death. He is a loose-limbed, angular creature with rubber joints, who ties himself into apparently inextricable knots, and his parody of Professor Ayer discussing a philosophical point on TV is splendid nonsense. Peter Cook scores as a deadpan humorist. His imitation of Mr. Macmillan speaking as one Scots old age pensioner to another is memorable, and so is his turn as a miner whose aspirations to be a judge have been thwarted by his lack of Latin and a tendency to yelp. He wrote this piece himself, and verbally it is brilliant. Alan Bennett, who seems to come straight from any sixth form, specialises in windy orations that are only just off-beat. His sermon should be recorded for theological colleges as a warning to young preachers, and his hearty man-to-man speech on common sense in public affairs would probably be received with innocent cheers at most local political meetings. The fourth of the quartette, Dudley Moore, is a musician who gets his satire cleverly from a piano. As an improviser he gets trapped in his theme and goes on and on in panic, his eyes starting from his head. He wins the biggest laughs of the evening.

This team of bright young men works very happily together, and most successfully in a parody of Shakespeare that really hits the target. Everything they do is their own work. I think they will be at the Fortune for a long time.

—ERIC KEOWN



[Beyond the Fringe]

JONATHAN MILLER

DUDLEY MOORE

PETER COOK

ALAN BENNETT

AT THE PICTURES

*Exodus**The Big Gamble*

WHAT surprised and saddened me about *Exodus* (Director: Otto Preminger) was the amount of sheer commercialism in it, the blatancy of some of the box-office devices. It has a fine theme, it's done with superb technical efficiency, it's visually most impressive and some of its scenes and sequences are tremendous; and yet, again and again, one is irritated by some touch of obvious contrivance or conventional characterization reminiscent of any ordinary second-rate screen melodrama, the sort of thing that makes people say derisively "Of course, that's just what *would* happen in a film." In a

work of this scale, on a theme of this importance, made by this eminent director, it is the sort of thing that ought not to happen, and its recurring effect is disastrous to the general impression.

A preliminary note says that although the film is "based on history and public record"—the period is from May till after the end of November 1947, when the UN adopted the resolution for a Jewish state in Palestine—the characters are fictitious; and, regrettably, this fact would have been obvious without any such assurance, even if they had all been given the names of real people. It's significant that one automatically begins each description with "the", not "a": the brave resourceful Jewish underground leader (Paul Newman), the fanatical young Jewish terrorist (Sal Mineo), the civilized and considerate British commander (Ralph Richardson), the anti-Semitic British major (Peter Lawford), innumerable others including the gentle American widow (Eva Marie Saint) through whose eyes much of the story is seen—all are essentially representative types.

On paper—I don't mean in the Leon Uris novel, which I haven't read, but in summary—the real story, fitting the title, would appear to be the first part of the film, which is the account of the escape to Palestine of a boatload of Jewish refugees from among the thousands interned on the island of Cyprus. This explains the situation, introduces us to most of the characters, and works up to a climax when the ship, after a hunger-strike and a threat by the refugees to blow themselves up, is at last allowed out of Famagusta harbour. None of the rest of the picture has the unity of this part of it.

The next section concerns the activities in Palestine itself of the secret organizations, the terrorist Irgun and the non-violent Haganah, and finally, after an impressive night scene showing an enormous crowd waiting for and listening to the announcement of the UN vote, there is more fighting, this time against the Arabs; but all this is a matter of more or less separate scenes and episodes, connected only by the presence, not the real influence, of some of the same characters.

The true strength of the whole thing is in its action sequences—for example



Kitty Fremont—EVA MARIE SAINT

Ari Ben Canaan—PAUL NEWMAN

the elaborately-planned escape of some Irgun men from a military prison—and its visual impressiveness. Its main fault is the continual recurrence of those touches of cheap, obvious, easy melodrama or over-emphasis. Some of them are almost unbelievably ham: there is actually a cut from the hunger-striking shipload to a close shot of the Cyprus commander's tea-trolley covered with cakes.

There is one character who is not a type: a soft-spoken, deceptively mild-looking Irgun leader excellently played by David Opatoshu. But one memorable character is hardly enough in a film lasting three hours and forty minutes.

Impossible to believe that anyone concerned with *The Big Gamble* (Director: Richard Fleischer) took it seriously, and indeed again and again moments of pure farce keep cropping up; but—and this is what makes its impression so odd—in outline the story could be serious, and parts of it are treated as if no one were meant to smile. In essentials it is about a difficult (to put it mildly) journey through part of Africa in a truck by three people: Vic (Stephen Boyd), his wife Marie (Juliette Greco), and his cousin Samuel (David Wayne). Vic wants to start a trucking business there, and at the beginning of the picture we have seen him getting a loan from his family in Dublin to finance it. Samuel, as a bank clerk, has been sent with them to keep an eye on the money.

They land—not without incident, at that—on the Ivory Coast and set out for Jebanda, which is to be the headquarters of the business, and pretty nearly

everything happens to them. They crash into a fallen tree; they take the wrong road, drive to the crumbling edge of a precipice and have to turn the truck round there; it gets stuck in the middle of a torrent and begins to float away when they lighten it; once they are across, the brakes fail on a steep mountain road . . . These are merely a few of the highlights in their progress—all, of course, quite credible and in theory alarming accidents, but the way they pile up, and the tone of some of the dialogue and behaviour, make the whole thing half-nonsensical. It isn't boring, but it isn't consistently enough either comic or exciting to be positively enjoyable.

—RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE OPERA

Falstaff (ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

THE curtain went up on a Garter Inn parlour which, although designed by Signor Zeffirelli, was basically indistinguishable from *Falstaff* opening sets which have been built and toured and shelved and vacuum-cleaned in this country for fifty years. The opening moments set the key for much that was to come. We saw Pistol squinting down the barrel of an arquebus and polishing a sword hilt. Clearly, the gamble was going to be on production detail rather than on blazing *coups d'oeil*. The later sets were in much the same idiom as the first: safe, undistracting and conventional in idiom.

There was, however, one touch of mad impracticality. Most of the singers most of the time, at least one of them wearing an almost unmanageable farthingale,

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

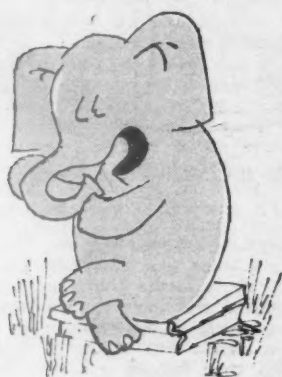
A selection of *Punch* drawings on the theme of food will be on display at the Neuchatel Gastronomic Fair, until May 22.

"*Punch in the Theatre*". Belgrade Theatre, Coventry.

England and Australia Cricket Centenary Exhibition at Qantas Empire Airways, Piccadilly, until May 26, includes *Punch* drawings about Test Matches.

made their entries and exits by steepish flights of steps in either wing. The only point of this innovation, so far as I could see, was that it completely ruined one of the most delicious comic exits in opera past or to come, that of Falstaff, attended by Ford, at the end of Act Two, Scene One. The essence of the situation here is that the two dupes, each despising the other, try to bow each other out, then link arms and leave together, usually getting jammed in the process.

All this presupposes a door. What happens when the door isn't there and the curtain comes down with the pair halfway up from the cellar? The thing that happened to me (and I'm sure, to most others who know the score) was a moment of puzzled frustration.



Yet the Zeffirelli production, taken moment by moment, was a great delight. In Geraint Evans and Regina Resnik he had a Falstaff and a Dame Quickly who, as well as singing strongly and richly, turned every shrug, leer and cock of the eyebrow into a matter of wit. Their points and the timing and tact of them were far beyond anything I have known in *Falstaff* before. Both are extremely gifted actor-singers. Zeffirelli would have been nowhere without them. At the same time it was clear that Zeffirelli had nursed their talents and brought them to full blossom. Certainly Mr. Evans's Glyndebourne Falstaff, though supremely good in its own way, was outstripped here.

Apart from the curiously impotent Alice of Mariella Angioletti (on the first night she gave the impression of having a first-rate Alice somewhere inside her who couldn't quite get out), the cast is strong, intelligent and tuneful. Maestro Giulini conducted Verdi's music with unrelenting briskness, for all the world as if it were the final *allegro* of a symphony by some *petit maître* of the eighteenth century. Time and time again delicious pages whizzed by which craved the caress of *rubato*.

— CHARLES REID

ON THE AIR

Fantastic Problem

THE laughter-makers on television have found to date that situation comedy is the safest road to success. The mentally twelve-year-olds at whom the advertisers aim must have a situation in which we can achieve identification. The only other form of humour which is regarded as utterly dependable is the lampoon of other television programmes. To the five-hours-a-day viewer this buffoonery has the same secure familiarity as the private jokes of blood relations. With so much comedy perforce running along these conventional lines there is always a ready welcome for any programme with a change of formula. I was therefore charitably disposed towards *It's A Square World* (BBC) before it ever took picture on the air. With all the goodwill its originality commands in me, however, I can't say that it has yet filled my Wednesdays with wild delight. There has been laughter about all right in the three shows so far but it was spread rather patchily.

The humour is basically Goon, which type of clowning Michael Bentine may well have invented just after the war in his music-hall act featuring the all-purpose chairback. Goon humour is a form of fantasy and owes much of its vast success on the wireless to the fact that the sound medium works through pictures formed in our listening imaginations. It has not yet been successfully translated to television, where the picture of events has to be manufactured for us



from people and objects and nothing is left to the personal alchemy of the mind's eye. Spike Milligan as Eccles helping the Abominable Snowman carry a grand piano up Everest can be wildly funny in our radio imagination; but Spike Milligan on the picture-box as Eccles in the inevitable nightshirt and boots can omp-a-domp away till they ban the bomb and never raise our thoughts above contemplation of funerals.

Fantastic humour requires the assist-

ance of the recipient's imagination and deprived of this vital element it is very dangerous stuff to handle on television. *The Strange World of Gurney Slade* (ATV) was the bravest venture so far into the world of visual fantasy; it took, unfortunately, one of the many wrong turnings which await explorers of these uncharted planes and finished up in a vapour of Danny Kaye whimsy. It is the age-old thespian difficulty of persuading us to suspend our disbelief without, this time, the benefit of footlights, curtain and the occasion of the theatre. Much that is wonderfully funny in sound or print looks just plain silly when performed before our very eyes against the backdrop of the dining-room wallpaper. This proposition I felt has applied to some of the sketches we have witnessed in *It's A Square World*. A prime example of goonery foundering on the mechanics demanded by vision came early on when the unfortunate Benny Lee had to wade kilt-deep in a papiermâché pond while pretending to play the bagpipes and being pursued by a rubber sea-serpent; the total effect on the viewer was undignified, uncomfortable and damply saddening.

It has been interesting to note that, as in *Gurney Slade*, the successful sketches have been those which, though wildly fanciful in action, have maintained a background contact with reality. The best laughs have come when the script has made a goon concession to television by keeping in tenuous touch with everyday. Two of these most amusing episodes were the quiet scene in which Cardew Robinson fed the ducks while Indian Bentine fed him with camel's eyes in aspic, and the affair of the commentator locked out of the Royal Academy.

Michael Bentine seems to be obsessed by radio commentators and drains this source of humour fairly dry. Our eardrums were badly wearied by them in his second programme which opened with three sketches in a row, throughout each of which commentators babbled incessantly, first in Moscow, then in a newsroom and finally at a concert. All this penetrating chatter grated badly on the nerves and a better sequence of material would have spared us much punishment. Bentine's own style is aggressive, teeth and eyebrows coming into the attack, and his metallic, funny-voice delivery can get somewhat irksome by the end of half an hour. Greater variety of voice would avoid monotony and perhaps offer better scope for his considerable comic powers. The producer might also ponder whether there isn't a tendency to stretch small jokes to weary length.

Originality merits all encouragement and I do hope that the team will iron out the problems of fantasy as the series goes on and find the full success the enterprise of their humour deserves.

— PATRICK RYAN

BOOKING OFFICE

AFRICA INFELIX

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

The Slaves of Timbuktu. Robin Maugham. *Longmans*, 25/-.

LORD MAUGHAM, properly indignant that people are still bought and sold as slaves in Saudi Arabia and parts of Africa, undertook to help the campaign against slavery by proving and publicizing its existence and its nature. He did so quite dramatically by travelling to Timbuktu, buying a slave and liberating him, writing about the whole adventure for a popular London Sunday newspaper, *The People*, and reporting his experience to Parliament. The book is an amplification of his commendable articles and his commendable maiden speech in the House of Lords.

This could have been a great travel book. It has several of the most important ingredients—a sense of high moral purpose; an arduous journey to an exotic destination; an awareness of the appearances and meanings of places and people. But one cannot help feeling an uneasy apprehension that *The Slaves of Timbuktu* may achieve its greatest impact in the windows of those dingy little shops in Charing Cross Road that specialize in books such as *Flagellation Through The Ages* and *The Necrophile's Handbook*.

How much blame, if any, should be assigned to the author's editors, how much, if any, to the author himself, when the shocked humanitarian's righteous propaganda against inhumanity sometimes seems to degenerate into morbid preoccupation with the details of physical torture and sexual abuse? There are more of them than seem necessary to remind the ordinary reasonable reader that slavery is disgusting. Or were the long, repetitious quotations from other writers' accounts of the horrors of Eighteenth Century trans-Atlantic slave-ships, for example, considered necessary to convince readers that whites are natural sadistic exploiters of blacks, or callously indifferent, and that blacks are natural sadistic betrayers of each other?

The inordinately large chunks of historic atrocity and historic travelogue may be regarded as polemical devices, intended to prepare the reader to protest vigorously against the slightly

less appalling cruelties inflicted to-day. "I have put in many and extensive quotations from the published works of previous travellers," Lord Maugham explains, "because I have found them so interesting myself and think they will interest other readers. It may be thought that I have quoted too lavishly. My excuse is that these works are not always easy to obtain and that the adventures they describe confirm many of the facts that constitute the main theme of my book." Perhaps if he had done a more thorough job of digesting what he had read on his subject the result might have been not a book but a pamphlet.

Lord Maugham relates that a friend's report of enslaved children in shackles in the Buraimi Oasis had aroused his zeal to study the slave-trade on the Trucial Coast of Arabia, but when he tried to persuade newspaper editors to pay for the expedition he discovered to his surprise that "even some of those steely-eyed despots"—slavery in Fleet Street?—"were frightened of 'the political implications.'" He attributes the continuation of slavery in Saudi Arabia to "American influences" (the oil is valued) and to indifference or worse in the Foreign Office. However, he found "the right editor," Mr. Stuart Campbell, of *The People*, and

the right travelling companion, Mr. Michael Davidson, who has been a foreign correspondent for *The Observer*. Having been unable to get permission to visit the Trucial Coast, Lord Maugham and Mr. Davidson decided to investigate what they believed to be one of the sources of slaves, Timbuktu, in the French Soudan, where the French administrators many years after illegalizing the traffic in slaves had been unable to stop it.

The original narrative really gets under way on Page 160 of the 220-page text. "I think we are getting nearer to what we came to find," Lord Maugham notes in his diary. When he is telling of the places he saw and the people he met, the story becomes lively and fascinating, and the writing itself suddenly quickens and takes on warmth and colour:

We met the pimp yesterday. We were in the Syrians' shop buying groceries when he walked in. We knew at once he was a pimp not only because of the obsequious yet sympathetic smile he gave us, but because he was so obviously dressed for the part. He was a plump young African of about twenty-three, and he was wearing tight-fitting black trousers, a bright red shirt and very pointed black shoes. His close-cropped hair glistened stiffly with oil, and he reeked of lavender water.

It is this man who effects liaison between the explorers and the Tuareg nobles who sell them a slave. In the course of the negotiations, one gets some vivid impressions of life in the suburban fringes of the desert and glimpses of what happens beyond. In spite of some bathetic outbreaks of the understandable petulance of the uncomfortable European displaced in Africa, the last few chapters of Lord Maugham's book are eloquent and convincing, and there are thirty-two pages of good photographs.

NEW FICTION

The Day of the Sardine. Sid Chaplin.

Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18/-.

In a Summer Season. Elizabeth Taylor.

Peter Davies, 16/-.

The Great Wave. Mary Lavin. *Macmillan*,

16/-.

A Quality of Mercy. Paul West. *Chatto*

and Windus, 15/-.

The narrator of *The Day of the Sardine* is a teenage drifter, this time on Tyneside. He loves his mother and admires the lodger, then becomes jealous of them. He is a member of a gang, outgrows them, nearly swings towards revivalist religion, but returns to the gang when a threat of violence to them plays on his loyalties. Violent and sentimental, the novel escapes being just another mixture of *Saturday Night*

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



"Outspoken"

and *Sunday Morning* with an anglicized *The Catcher in the Rye* by the professionalism of its descriptions of action and of the north-eastern industrial landscape. The scenes butt forward and there is always something happening. The characters, especially the gang-leader, are fresh. The diction in which the decent, rootless youth describes backing into maturity brilliantly suggests the Americanization of Geordie speech while remaining easily readable. This is a far better job than it looks at first sight.

Nothing could be more different than *In a Summer Season*, which is about the upper middle-class in the Home Counties and such problems as how a rich wife can make a ne'er-do-well of good family not feel kept and how a thoroughly nice girl can control her calf-love for the curate. Some reviewers, angry at the way Mrs. Taylor has been praised in the past, have dismissed it as "woman's magazine stuff." Even on that level, in social observation, in comedy and in the delicate analysis of relationships it is head and shoulders above most fiction of the type, a smooth, expert piece of craftsmanship of which any commercial novelist could be proud. It seemed to me something more, if not quite as much more as the early novels. Whether or not there ought to be six-bedroomed houses with servants and lawns, it seems a matter of simple observation that there are, and if they and their inhabitants exist it is the function of literature to examine them. To start criticizing this novel by disapproving of its subject-matter is as inept as to attack Mr. Betjeman's poems on the grounds that his father's income-bracket was too high to produce a poet. (Proust's aristocrats are too preposterous for him

to be subject to this kind of thing.) It is, in fact, perfectly clear, provided you are not paralysed by stock responses to any reference to life lived south of the Trent or above the £20 a week level, that one of the themes of the novel is much the same as the theme of *Howard's End*. A well-chilled martini that, in retrospect, is a very dry martini indeed.

The Great Wave is a very varied collection of Irish short stories. Although I had met many of the subjects before, notably laying out corpses on islands, I never had the feeling that I had met the story before. More in the tradition of Katherine Mansfield than of Frank O'Connor, Mrs. Lavin writes delicately but invents strongly. It is difficult, however, to see any definite personality behind the tales. One or two of them are quite horrible and, on the whole, I thought she was stronger on disquiet than farce.

A Quality of Mercy is heavy going. Three grotesques, brother, sister and sister's daughter, live in an isolated house in Connecticut and exchange mannered conversation. A honeymoon couple come to live near by and the tensions among the trio are set off into violence. Sandwiched with the cracker-barrel Compton-Burnett scenes are memories of experiences in Italy and of marriage in London. In design and in execution the novel is "experimental," as the term was used in my youth. Curiously old-fashioned and not really very impressive, it still contains scenes and phrases of considerable vitality, an odd venture from a professional critic. Perhaps it's a first novel put shamefacedly away and now exhumed because of the success of Mr. West's book on Byron.

— R. G. G. PRICE

OO-LA-LA IS OUT

Love, The French Way. J. C. Ibert and J. Charles. Heinemann, 15/-

It appears that we have been grossly deceived about French frivolity and passion according to the statistical evidence of 200,000 answers relating to such serious matters. Helped by the editorial staff of the popular weekly *Elle* (famed for rarely giving anyone a good horoscope), the investigators of this solemn quest take us through a series of attitudes. Their summary verdict is that *le flirt* is accepted social behaviour, divorce to be avoided, and security necessary to keep, if not love going strong, at least marriage unbroken.

What is anticipated as humorous sociology turns out to be, on the whole, shockingly tedious, with the exception of a delicious section from French love letters, and two splendid charts listing "The Best Proofs of their Love." I like the peasant (20-25 age group) of few words: "Her dowry." — KAY DICK

LA METHODE, C'EST L'HOMME

Louis Pasteur. Jacques Nicolle. Hutchinson, 35/-

Tennyson, "... nourishing a youth sublime With the fairy tales of science" must have got through some pretty grim reading. M. Nicolle's study of ten such fairy tales of Louis Pasteur logically links them into an able analysis of the whole pattern of the great Frenchman's researches, first into the crystallography of tartaric acid, then on through his solution of such problems as fermentation, diseases of silkworms, of wine, and —his culminating triumph—the conquest of rabies. M. Nicolle's father was a colleague of Pasteur, he himself worked in the Pasteur Institute at Paris and was associated with close disciples of the master. In an age in which science has so enormously enlarged all fields of research, thanks in so great a measure to Pasteur, there must be a wide cross-section of the reading public which will find this work fascinating. Yet the very clearness of M. Nicolle's exposition makes for a feeling of being lectured at rather than written down to. We are shown many rather obscure magics, but of the magician we glimpse but the tip of his rod. — R. C. SCRIVEN

HISTORY AND HYSTERIA

All Souls and Appeasement. A. L. Rowse. Macmillan, 18/-

It is hard to see what Professor Rowse had in mind when he wrote this book, whose object is to show that while some of the more eminent Fellows of his college, particularly Geoffrey Dawson of *The Times*, were strong for appeasement in the 'thirties, he and his younger colleagues were passionately against it. His evidence is almost all extracted from such standard works as the *History of The Times* and the biographies and autobiographies of the principal characters in



"Then one day, sooner or later, somebody's finger is going to get itchy: it's going to reach out and press a little button. And then—Whoosh... Whoosh... Whoosh...!"

the affair; such snippets of live conversation as we get are barely even of marginal importance. The rather shrill note of personal self-justification suggests that perhaps he feels it necessary to dissociate himself from his fellow Fellows—a work of supererogation if ever there was one. "I have had some difficulty in persuading myself to publish this little book," he says in his preface, and even now the fact that it costs eighteen shillings for 120 pages suggests that it is intended for private circulation.

Still, it is funny to see such a passionate condemnation of the appeasers appear just at the moment when A. J. P. Taylor is telling us that Munich was a great diplomatic triumph for the allies.

— B. A. YOUNG

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Charles Macklin. William W. Appleton. Oxford, 30/-

Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Alan Dent. Museum Press, 30/-

In his later years Charles Macklin sponged himself all over in warm gin, which was possibly what preserved him to ninety-seven. His belligerent life, beginning in illiteracy in Ireland, covered nearly the whole of the eighteenth century; he was the greatest Shylock of his day, causing a young man in the pit to faint and giving George II a sleepless night, and he had more effect on English acting than Garrick, anticipating the modern director in the care he attached to rehearsal, and persuading his generation to a quieter and more natural style.

He was lucky to get away with the manslaughter of a fellow-actor, but they were turbulent times, and Mr. Appleton's scholarly biography gives an excellent account of the theatre wars in which Macklin was involved both in London and Dublin. Even when he was famous he continued to be a strolling actor, walking enormous distances, and at least one of his plays, *The Man of the World*, seems worth reviving.

In *Mrs. Patrick Campbell*, Alan Dent has made a very good attempt to assess that tempestuous, unreliable creature who attracted attention on one of her first appearances by letting her pants fall to the stage of the Adelphi, and continued to be argued over for the rest of her long life. This is a full-scale biography, and Mr. Dent is more successful than most theatrical historians in building up from contemporary sources a really vivid idea of his subject. How good an actress was she? She failed in Shakespeare, but triumphed in Shaw and Pinero, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. Often she appeared in negligible plays, but when she got a big part and liked it she could bowl everyone over by the sheer power of her acting; if she was bored she made faces at the rest of the cast. There seems little doubt that with discipline she could have been a great actress, and none at all that she was a very rare woman, warm-hearted, generous and bitingly witty.

— ERIC KEOWN

HARVARD AND WASHINGTON

Felix Frankfurter Reminisces. Secker and Warburg, 25/-

The Oral History Department of Columbia University sends round interviewers and tape recorders to catch the memories of the eminent and this is the result in one case. The method, odd as it may seem, does produce the flavour of talk, though one imagines a formal autobiography would follow much the same progression. Justice Frankfurter is a sociable governmental and academic lawyer, a famous liberal and controversialist. When he landed in the United States from Austria at twelve he knew no English. In a few years he was one of the outstanding legal thinkers of his day.

From these deliberately patchy, casual, explosive pages there emerges both a zest for living and a zest for the discovery of the principles by which a society should live. The inside stuff about the Taft and Wilson administrations, the Peace Conference, the New Deal and the Sacco and Vanzetti case contains important footnotes to history. The judgments on jurists are frank and quirky. One could have done with more constitutional law. But there is obviously plenty yet of Justice Frankfurter for the Department of Oral History to get taped.

— LEWIS BANKS

BLOOD COUNT

Under the Skin. Dorothea Bennett. Arthur Barker, 15/-. Professional killers hired to eliminate semi-crooked British financier in rich skiing milieu, with plot complicated by eternal rectangle composed of financier's beautiful new wife, her stepson and gentlemanly secret service wallah sent over with watching brief. Elaborations brilliantly controlled, style clever but honest, and characters, especially pair of homosexual assassins, done in depth.

New People at the Hollies. Josephine Bell. Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6. Private home for old folk set up to cover shady organization and run by chillingly tough female. Aged ex-policeman becomes inmate and investigates. Actual purpose of organization a bit unconvincing but plot cumulatively absorbing and the ills of age (lack



"What sort of funny wheezing noise...?"

of stamina, patchiness of will, etc.) excellently done. Miss Bell's best for some time.

Do You Know This Voice? Evelyn Berckman. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-. Old Czech immigrant in large American town sets herself up as bait for kidnapper-murderer whom she claims to have seen. Sometimes slightly portentous and marred by one whopping coincidence, but with some good hulkingly nasty characters and just enough story to carry them.

Road Block. Hillary Waugh. Gollancz, 13/6. Carefully planned hold-up goes wrong and crooks take cover with hostages. All efficiently suspenseful in typical American fashion with plenty of police-work, but its very competence makes it seem run-of-the-mill. Still, it could give our run-of-the-mill thrillers pounds and still canter past them.

Death in Covert. Colin Wilcock. Heinemann, 15/-. A romp among the pheasant-preserves, run by noisome filthy rich syndicate, all potential murderers/ers. Characters coarsely but confidently drawn, detection negligible, but technical stuff excellent. You can feel the gun-metal and smell the powder in the autumn air.

— PETER DICKINSON



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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



United We Stand

LYSISTRATA can claim to have invented the idea, but she certainly has no monopoly. Even the most modern woman finds that to take a leaf from a trade union pamphlet and come out on strike is still the most effective way of getting her own way. Ever since, deprived of their marital rights by their united wives, "untouchable in thinnest saffron silk," the proud men of Greece were brought low and forced to end the Peloponnesian war, men have been forced to give in to this manoeuvre.

For instance, in Italy last year, the girls of Castelfidardo unanimously refused to take their regular Sunday stroll with their admirers until the cobbles on the hazardous promenade had been replaced by paving kinder to their spiky heels.

Sekou Touré's election as President of Guinea may have had an unexpected

boost: according to the *Guardian*, the story runs that, in an electioneering speech, he appealed to Guinea's women, saying, "If [your menfolk] don't vote for our party, then deprive them of your company." Sure enough, he was handsomely returned.

The Frenchwoman's tradition of docility and obedience where her husband is concerned goes far back. Yet even she can be driven too far—as an incident at Grugé-l'Hôpital proved. After Sunday mass, *les gars* went religiously to their favourite cafés for a matey game of cards and a glass of wine. The time would stretch out, while their wives, and a shrinking lunch, waited impatiently at home.

Swift, collective action was the solution. The following Sunday, the men found every café table filled by militant women. And no dinner waiting.

Caution: Men at Work

MOST of us learn at our fond mothers' knee
Prayers, civility, love, ABC,
That petrol is best at a distance from fires,
And that gentlemen, generally speaking, are liars.

Year after year do our mothers come clean
And dottier daughters stay greener than green,
Stoutly convinced that the flashiest youth
Is telling them nothing but literal truth.

Multiplication we gradually master:
How is it that warnings of looming disaster
From gentlemen steeped in original sin,
Somehow or other just never sink in?

— PENELOPE HUNT

Wives certainly seem to need protection more than single women. Every wife who saw the film *I'm All Right, Jack* surely gave a huge sigh of satisfaction when Peter Sellers' wife, fed up with a shop steward husband, "came out" herself. Every dirty cup that piled up on the draining board after she left was a potent memorial to the patience and diligence of years of clean ones.

As in *Lysistrata*, this reserve of feminine influence can be used to achieve serious ends. In Brazil, members of the University Feminine Union advocated a strike of affection until married women were given adequate civil rights.

Even in serious matters, however, some men consider that this coercion can be taken too far. Perhaps the strike threatened in Kalalushi, in Southern Rhodesia, in February this year was unfair. Women members of the United National Independence Party announced in a telegram to Mr. Macleod that they would go naked and have no children until Africans obtained majority rule. As one unhappy husband put it, "The one threat is scarcely conducive to the other."

In fact, once a weapon so drastic has been perfected, it works best in moderation. Because there is a perfect comeback.

In the months following June 1960, not a single girl in Pont-l'Évêque in France received a marriage proposal; the second sex was having a first taste of its own medicine: the *men* were on strike.

But they are inconsistent creatures, incapable of united action. Soldiers from a nearby base offered to help out. The women had won again.

— ANN BONE





"I thought I heard a scream."

Factotum

MRS. FINCH was a housewife who wanted a job again,
The children being of school age now, and she having all that brain
And needing a lot more money. She'd start right out to look
As soon as she'd got a Mother's Help who would clean and wash and cook.

No, she said to the agency, *not* a staff of three, just one
Suitable person doing no more than *she* had always done;
No, *not* a Swedish sculptress, or a nut who didn't eat food,
None of those crazy amateurs they'd sent to be interviewed—

Oh yes, she saw she was asking a lot. Women these days were free,
Like the rest of the workers they did their hours, you paid accordingly,
Oh yes, rather! (as the talk warmed up), this was a splendid time,
No more slave-race giving a boost to the country's upward climb—

Mrs. Finch is a housewife still. She had a sum to do
And she's thrown the innocent Mr. Finch a thoughtful glance or two
As befits the last of the slave-race whose nearly-ditched career
Seems to be earning her, free of tax, a thousand pounds a year.

— ANGELA MILNE

The Bank Holiday Spirit

I DON'T know why, something always hits me just before Bank Holiday. The thought that the bank is shut on Friday, the butcher is spending the Sabbath basking on Brighton beach, that even Joe at the grocer's is having a lost week-end: well, it all gets in amongst me. When I also reflect that the postman is going to put his feet up, that everything but the phone will be out of order: well, the combined effect does something to me. I shall be cut off from the outside world: a sort of week-end Carmelite, a temporary, involuntary prisoner. I can only say that I feel a spirit of siege.

You never know when money is going to come in useful; so I cash twice my usual cheque to be sure. I stagger home with baskets of steak (I shall need to keep my strength up) and a ham so I shan't be reduced to iron rations. No Siege of Paris diet for me: I lay in the bars of chocolate, the milk (condensed and otherwise), and plenty of green veg. (after all, you know what they say about scurvy). I stack up a shelf or two of biscuits and half a dozen loaves, and a bottle or two of vitamin tablets. I generally buy a few books of stamps, a wad of writing paper and three dozen envelopes to keep me going (I must communicate with the outside world). I also run the gamut of the literary weeklies, and lay in a library of improving books.

I've almost finished the Easter rations (only half a ham and book on Etruscan pottery to go). And then it will be time to get ready for Whitsun.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

☆

"Iolanda Balas, 23, the Rumanian world high jump record holder, set a world indoor best when she cleared 6 ft. 1½ in. in Lenin-grad, reports Reuter.

This jump equalled her own world outdoor record, nine centimetres (3½ in.) the height she achieved at an indoor meeting in Berlin last month."—*Daily Telegraph*

Low ceiling, perhaps.

Toby Competitions

No. 166—Vicious Circle

SUGGEST a new circle for the Inferno of Dante, involving appropriate punishment for a specifically modern sin. Limit: 120 words; if in verse 14 lines.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, May 24.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 166, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 163 (Adult Anecdote)

Competitors were asked to produce an anecdote about something said by an adult to a child. Several entries firmly recounted remarks made by children to adults, and several others were chestnuts. Few competitors approached the simplicity and subtlety of the winner, who

in a few words exposed the monstrous untruth of a common platitude. She was:

MISS NANCY BROWN
PHAYRE HOUSE
HEYWOOD ROAD
BIDEFORD, N. DEVON

and her entry:

How many more times have I to tell you that there is nothing free in this world?

Following are the runners-up:

A young friend of mine wished to make the Merchant Navy his career. By the time he left school the war (1939) was in full spate, candidates for this Service were welcomed and many of the normal preliminaries cut. Although not of military age he was quickly summoned to London for an interview with one of the high-ups in the Service. To my friend's disgust, his mother insisted on accompanying him. However, the interview went quite well and mother, well-primed beforehand, kept quiet until

they stood up to leave, then, unable to depart without the last word she said, "John dear, don't you think you ought to wait until the war's over?"

Mary Roberts, 40 Pettiver Crescent, Rugby

MARY: Look, Uncle!

UNCLE: H'm? What you got there, eh?

MARY: It's Jack and Jill. Look, Uncle! You have to look through this little hole. (Peering delightedly through hole bored in 'shoe-box.') "Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after." Bomp! Ha, ha! Look, Uncle! That one's Jack and that one's Jill and they're all upside-down. Ha, ha! And that's the pile of water, all spilling.

FATHER: She's been playing with that all week, Tom. Something they made at school. Thinks the world of it.

UNCLE (delving into trousers-pocket): Here y'are, Mary, here's—m'm—here's a three-penny for it. (To brother, taking box.) Just what I want to put those tulip bulbs in.

J. A. Lindon, 89 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

"... and then she said: 'Because I tell you to—that's why!' I must say that the frank admission that there was no other reason rather took the wind out of my sails. In fact I was so taken aback by her capitulation that I did as I was told—out of sheer pity really..."

Trevenen Peters, 69 Renters Avenue, Hendon, N.W.4

On the last night abroad of their continental holiday, the party were asked by the reverend gentleman if he might borrow a manicure set from one. He wanted to fix the old watch-straps on to his new watch. "To avoid troubling those customs men." "But," said the girl, "what about 'Rendering to Caesar—?'" "My dear Melanie, Caesar has been dead nigh on two thousand years!"

Eric Edwards, 25 Wetstone Lane, West Kirby, Wirral

Book tokens also to: Philip Darling, Tilly's House, St. Edward's School, Oxford; Allan Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Road, Liverpool, 15.

☆

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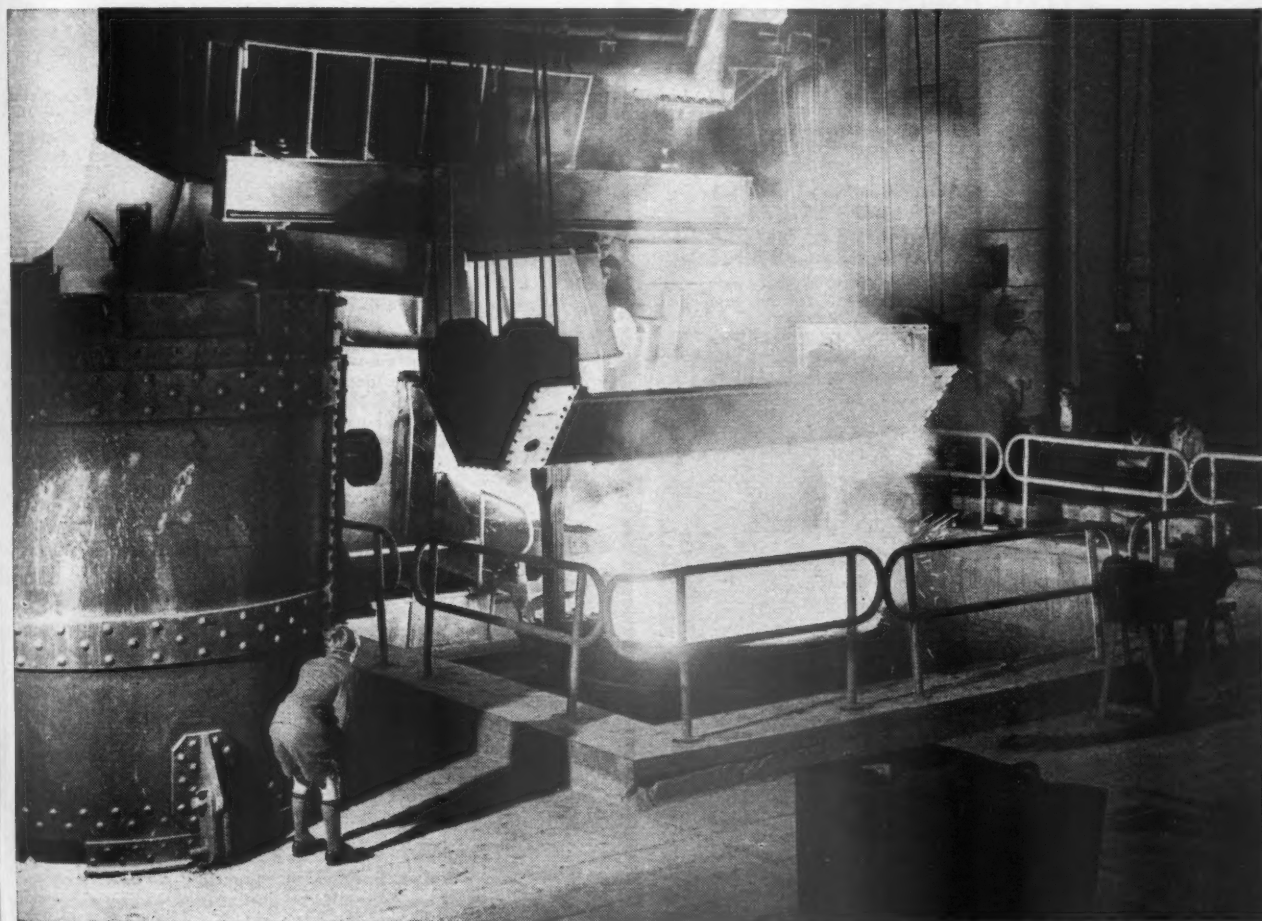
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ROTARY



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIX

Philharmonia Orch. (Maazel), Berlioz-Bartók.
MAY 21, 3 pm, Philomusica of London (Granville
Jones), Hubert Dawkes (harpsichord), Maria
Korchinska (harp), Pergolesi-Bach-Debussy-
Damase-Dvorak; 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic
Orch. (Newstone), Colin Horsley (piano), Haydn-
Mozart-Beethoven. MAY 22, 8 pm, London
Symphony Orch., BBC Chorus and Choral
Society (Monteux), Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*.
MAY 23, 8 pm, Philomusica of London (Raymond
Leppard), music for four harpsichords; 7.45 pm
(Recital Room), Angus Morrison (piano). MAY
24, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Sargent),
Cherkassky (piano), Rossini-Rachmaninov-Brahms.
Wigmore Hall. MAY 17, 7 pm, Students of
Mrs. Brian Gipps (two-piano recital). MAY 18,
7.30 pm, Harry Farbman, Edith Schiller (violin
and piano). MAY 23, 7.30 pm, Maria Drakatu
(soprano). MAY 24, 7.30 pm, Beveridge Webster
(piano).

Royal Opera House. MAY 17, 7.30 pm, *Falstaff*.
MAY 18, 7.30 pm, *Tosca*. MAY 19, 7.30 pm,
Giselle. MAY 20, 2.15 pm, *Coppelia*; 7.30 pm,
Falstaff. MAY 22, 7.30 pm, *Falstaff*. MAY 23,
7.30 pm, *Tosca*. MAY 24, 7.30 pm, *Sylphides*,
Antigone, *Baiser de la Fée*. MAY 25, 7.30 pm,
Falstaff.

Sadler's Wells. Handel Opera Company
(evenings, 7.30 pm). MAY 17, *Rinaldo*. MAY 18,
Semele. MAY 19, *Rinaldo*. MAY 20, *Rinaldo*.
MAY 23-24, theatre closed. MAY 25, until JUNE 17,
La Vie Parisienne.

SHOPS



From May 17 to 31 is Derby time at **Bentalls** of
Kingston, with the Derby Trophy and Coronation
Cup on display, and clothes for "Ladies' Day" at
Epsom. **Harrods** caters for the stay-at-homes
with a new department called "About the House
dresses" on the 1st floor. Also at this store in the
Georgian Restaurant on May 24 Peter Ustinov
will be talking about "Why I wrote 'The Loser'"
in the current series "Tea With an Author."

At all branches of **Austin Reed's** there are
Savona Bri-lon half sleeve knitted leisure shirts
in various colours, while polo shirts in open weave
cotton, also with half-sleeves, are now available
at **Hope Brothers**. Nylon sports shirts are
featured by **Hector Powe**, as well as colourful
crease-resisting beach jackets. On the feminine
side, Signor Baldini, an Italian designer, has pro-
duced a collection of beach and resort wear
especially for **Debenham & Freebody**, and
these models can now be seen in their Sportswear
Department. The fabrics are hand-printed
and are resistant to light and sea water.

Peter Robinson's have just brought out an
exclusive line in French cotton dresses, and are
also featuring Coulotte skirts, shown with
blazers. Skirts are also on view at **The Scotch
House**. Specially designed for packing, they are
button-through and knife-pleated in pure Saxony
wool. For the younger generation, the Kensington
branch of **Daniel Neale's** celebrates its Fiftieth
Anniversary on May 17 at 5.30 pm, with a Debate
on School Uniform and a parade of current styles.

Turning from exterior to interior decoration,
Heal's will be constantly changing the displays
of Dining Room and Nursery Furniture in
furnished settings in the next few months, and
various kitchen designs can be seen in the new
Household Department at **Bourne & Hollings-
worth**. In their Furniture Department **Selfridges**
has on show a number of interesting wall-panels
by Lanta Spurrier, the well-known landscape
painter.

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BECAUSE my Refuge Pension Policy is valuable — in an emergency I've got money behind me.

BECAUSE my pension policy also protects my wife and child. I call it my two-in-one policy!

BECAUSE I can pay out of my income by monthly banker's order and save the worry of remembering the payments.

BECAUSE my pension policy suits me down to the ground. It's not cheap but it's not expensive. The Refuge should know what they're doing — they have specialised in life assurance for over one hundred years.

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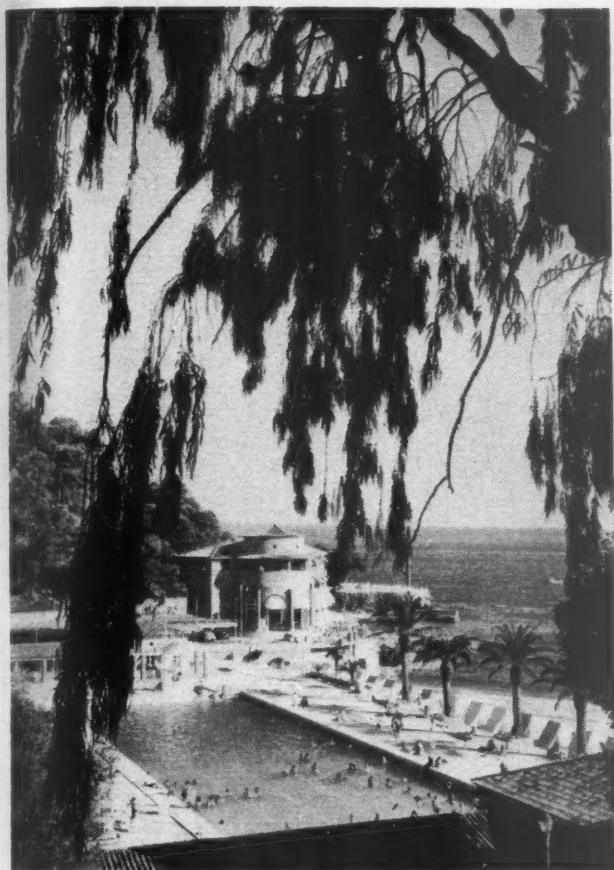


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This is the title of our new Brochure specially written for those who would like to know more about protecting their family and arranging a pension at the same time. In simple language it outlines the various provisions which can be made and the cost. Write for a copy today or contact the local Refuge office ... the address is in the telephone directory.

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TELEPHONE DAY AND NIGHT

MONTE-CARLO 30 - 54 - 54



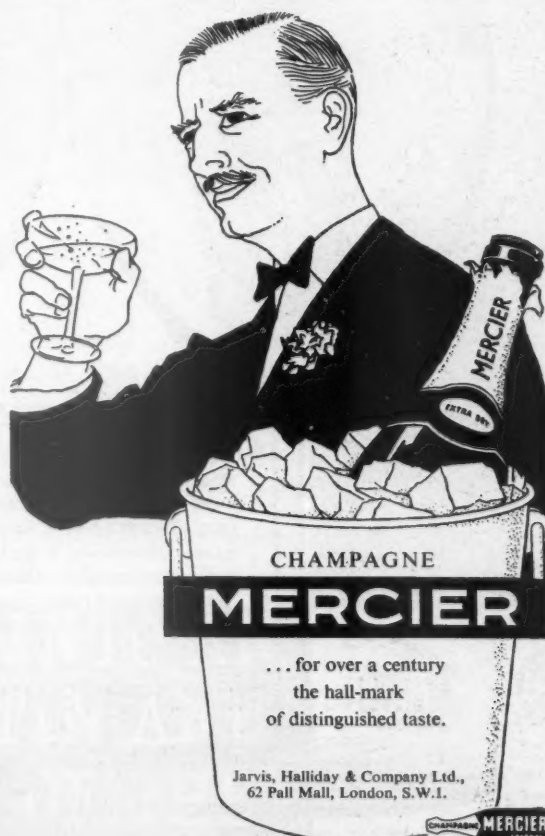
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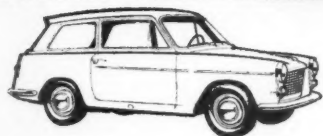
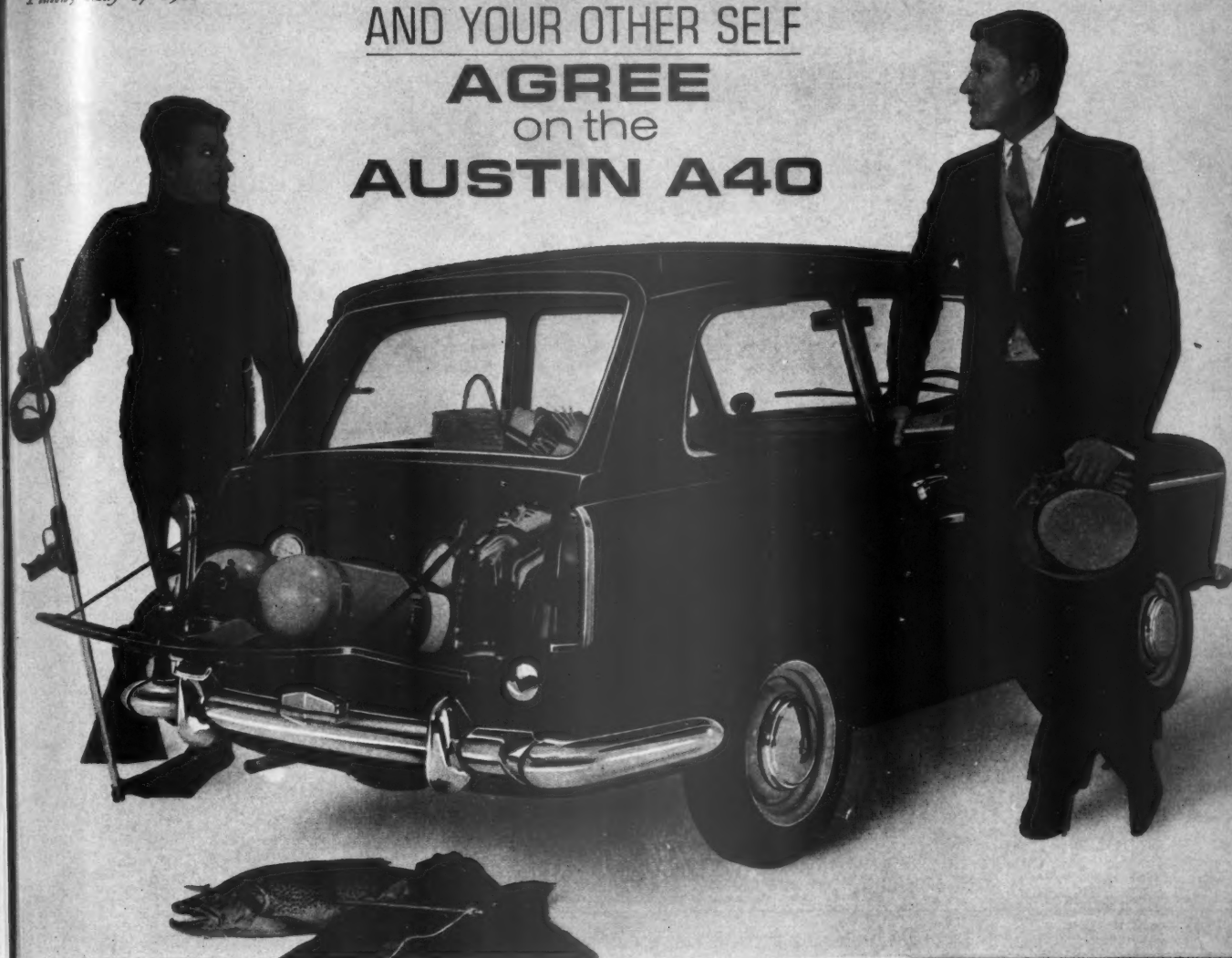
Are the days dull? Has the sparkle gone? At such times you can turn with gratitude to Rose's Lime Juice. Add Rose's to iced water or soda-water. Take long, refreshing draughts. The tang of Rose's on the tongue gives you a taste of summer. It lifts the spirits in more senses than one. With gin, rum or vodka, it makes the king of cocktails. Drink Rose's how you will, it still remains ...

...the most refreshing drink in the world



Punch, May 17 1961

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AND YOUR OTHER SELF
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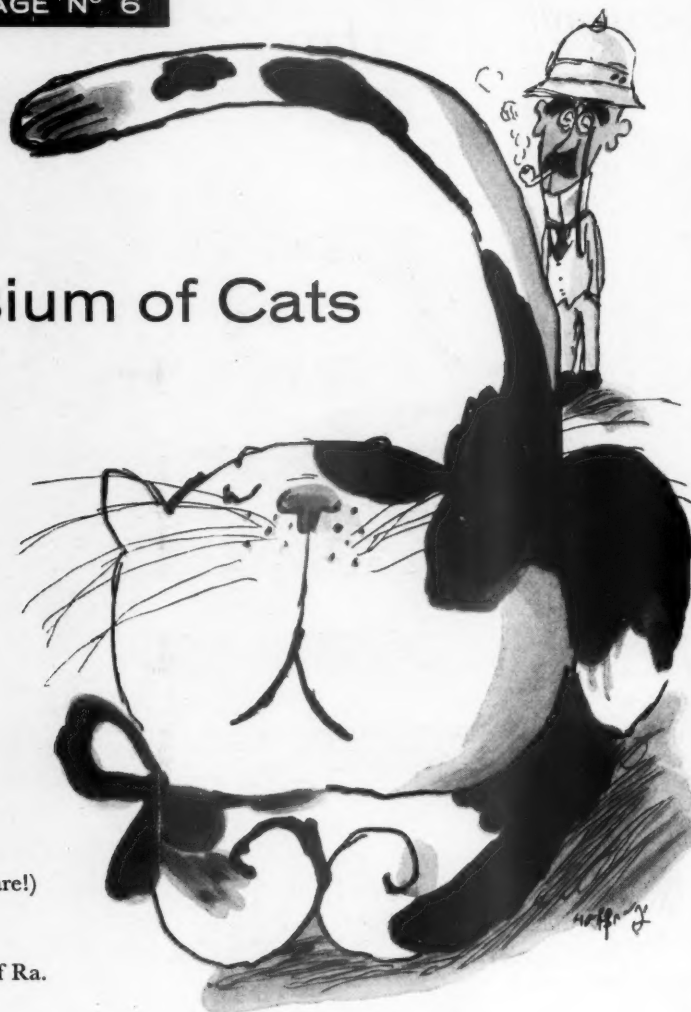


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THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
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GUINNESS PETS PAGE N° 6

A Symposium of Cats



The ordin'ry Puss
So essential to us,
(What a beautiful Pussy you are!)

Has a story so old
That it goes back, we're told,
To the cat-headed offspring of Ra.

Alexander Dumas
Was attached to his *chat*,
Which rejoiced in the name of *Mysouff*.
While Charles Baudelaire
Kept cats everywhere.
But Kipling's was rather aloof.

Johnson's fine cat
Was particular that
It always had oysters for tea.
An excellent dodge
For, according to *Hodge*,
'They're just what the Doc orders me.'

Edward Lear made a beeline
For anything feline,
For seventeen years he had *Foss*.
While Coventry Patmore
Had always a cat more,
Like Hardy and Swinburne and Gosse.

Bysshe Shelley admits
That the purring of kits
Is a sound that gives infinite pleasure.
It's a heavenly choir
As you sit by the fire,
Enjoying your Guinness at leisure.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

"Dukinfield, naturally"



"What Duke in what field?"

"We were talking about turbo-blowers."

"I thought we were. Then you started about Dukes in fields."

"Dukinfield, Cheshire. Where you write to for turbo-compression plants—information and gen. To Daniel Adamson."

"Why Dukinfield?"

"Because Daniel Adamson have been making boilers, compressors, heat exchangers, blowers, and turbines for industry at home and abroad since 1842."

"So turbo-blowers, you tell me."

"I'm telling you. Relevant letterhead to Daniel Adamson, Dukinfield, Cheshire, brings Engineer's advice. Quick delivery. Dukes in their field."

"Dukes in the field of, for example, turbo-blowers?"

"Kings. Emperors. King-pins. Leaders in the field."

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2. Expert technical advice on the best solution to your particular problem.
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we know all
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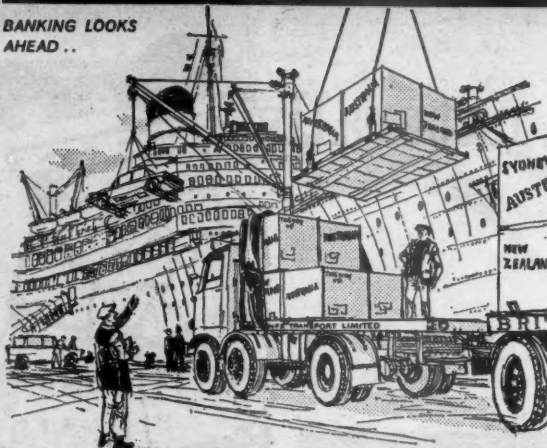
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P. 17



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The Bryce Handraulic Starter,
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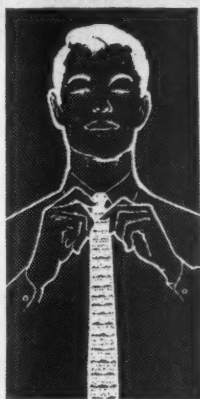
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always **KROPPS** up

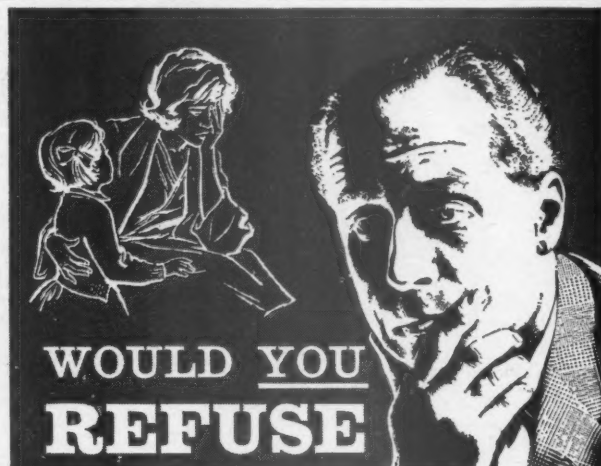
It's not that he just wants to be different, it's simply that he prefers to **KROPP** up. The chap next door always **KROPPS** down, but they both get really close, clean shaves.

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Punch, May 17 1961



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